

LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY



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THE SHOP-GIRL RELEASED FROM TOIL.

AN EVENING SCENE AT THE CORNER OF SIXTH AVENUE AND FOURTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.—DRAWN BY R. WEST CLINEDINST.—[SEE PAGE 321.]

"THE GREATEST STORY OF MY LIFE."—A. Conan Doyle.

The first installment of DR. A. CONAN DOYLE'S latest story, entitled

"THE STARK MUNRO LETTERS,"
will appear in LESLIE'S WEEKLY for December 13th (our Christmas edition).

Dr. Doyle regards this as THE BEST WORK he has yet produced, and this will no doubt be the conclusion of all who read it. Stark Munro is a medical practitioner, and the story deals with the mental and moral struggles he is called to face in making his way in the world.

The conspicuous characters of the story have a strong and vivid individuality which challenges and holds the interest and attention of the reader from first to last. It is, however, without any distinctive plot, but the style is so vigorous and the incidents and characters so forcibly portrayed, that, taken up casually at any point, it will prove equally as entertaining as a first-class short story.

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A Word with Our Readers.

WE have received many commendations of the enterprise of LESLIE'S WEEKLY in securing the series of stories by GILBERT PARKER now in course of publication, and the latest novel by DR. A. CONAN DOYLE, which will be published during the coming year. It is gratifying to know that our efforts to give our readers the very best literature are thus appreciated. The sum paid by us for the stories and novel here referred to greatly exceeds the amount ever paid by this newspaper for any similar productions, and we doubt if any New York journal or magazine has ever expended for a single novel the sum which Dr. Doyle is to receive for "The Stark Munro Letters." This outlay is made in the confident belief that it will bring adequate returns. However this may be, we will be glad to receive from our readers generally their estimate of the stories now being published, and criticisms upon other features of the WEEKLY, both literary and artistic, to the end that we may make it conform, as nearly as possible, in its make-up, to the best and highest average taste and demand of the reading public. Readers, too, who find it entertaining and helpful will do us a favor by commanding it to their friends. The larger its clientele the stronger will be the motive for advancing it to the highest possible standard of excellence, and the greater, consequently, its value to its habitual readers.

The Result.

THE Empire State has not disappointed the expectations of the friends of good government. In the verdict given at the polls on election day it has demonstrated with unmistakable emphasis its fidelity to sound principles of administration and its determination to hold its just primacy among the States of the Union as a buttress and defense of civic righteousness.

The result is, of course, a Republican victory. It is a vindication of the industrial and economic policies for which that party stands. It is a distinct condemnation of Democratic inefficiency and dishonesty in the management of national affairs. But it is more than this. Other than partisan issues entered into the canvass and exercised a determining influence on the result. Back of all questions of tariff and taxes, of finance and constitutional modifications, was the greater question of the overthrow of the vicious and dangerous forces entrenched in our public life—the rescue of the State from the mercenaries and corruptionists who had it by the throat. Senator Hill is the embodiment and representative of these forces. More than any other living man he had encouraged them in their encroachments upon the liberties of the people. For years

his alliances with the immoral and the base have been flaunted before the public eye. His appeal has always been to the lowest and meanest motives of the electorate. His political career has been a career of partisan licentiousness. His triumph would have emboldened and strengthened every immoral influence in society and the State. Right-thinking men of all parties recognized this fact, and recognizing also the obligation which its knowledge imposed, subordinated all partisan considerations to the higher duty of rescuing the commonwealth from the sorest of catastrophes.

The result in this city is due to the same considerations—only in a more acute and pronounced sense—as those which determined the issue in the State at large. Here the contest was a square, direct, and straight-out struggle between the decency and virtue of the populace on the one hand, and everything that goes to debauch and debase on the other. Tammany stands for everything that is despicable in politics and morals. It is as pitiless a despotism, built on robbery and the sordid passions of evil men, as has ever existed under a republican government. Its perpetuation meant municipal impoverishment in all the elements of a healthy life. The appeal for its overthrow was to the conscience of the people—to the pride of citizenship, to the sentiment which has its source in enlightened sympathy with whatever tends to purify and exalt. The appeal was not in vain.

That the result is an enormous gain for the cause of upright government goes without saying. It shows that the people are stronger than any political machine, however strongly anchored in the cupidity of the venal and corrupt, and that however complaisant they may be under ordinary abuses, they can be depended upon, in a supreme crisis, to vindicate their rights and save popular institutions from defilement. The value of that lesson, in the influence it will have upon the future of the country, and especially upon the future of our great municipalities, will be practically incalculable.

New York and Chicago.

ONE of the arguments employed by the press of this city in urging the consolidation of New York and Brooklyn was that if our boundaries are not extended we will soon lose our supremacy as the foremost American city. Undoubtedly the point was well taken. It has been the habit of our press to sneer and cavil at Chicago and her pretensions, but the simple fact is that she is rapidly outstripping us in population, and that she possesses some advantages as a great distributing centre—a focus of transcontinental activities—which must continue to give a prodigious impetus to her growth. According to the census of 1890 her population was 1,100,000, while that of New York was 1,515,000. The Chicago registration this year, exclusive of women, was 313,676, indicating a population, on the basis that only one in seven persons votes, of 2,175,732, and if figured according to the normal rate of increase, of 1,617,000. The registration in this city was 308,401. This, on the one-seventh basis, would give us a population of 2,160,807, or less by nearly 15,000 than that of Chicago, while, if figured according to the rate of increase heretofore observed, our population would now be 1,981,912, or about 364,912 more than that of Chicago. But if both cities continue to increase in population hereafter at the same rate that they did in the decade ending with 1890, Chicago will have as large a population as New York, with its present area, in 1901, and a greater population in 1902.

With the annexation of Brooklyn and other towns the "Greater New York" would, of course, be in no danger of losing its pre-eminence among American cities in point of population or of commercial importance. Under any circumstances, this city will continue to shape the commercial policy of the country. It is difficult, too, to conceive that it will ever forfeit its financial supremacy as the treasure-house of the continent. But Chicago must become more and more a determining factor in the industrial and political life of the vast and growing West, and by its alert and courageous enterprise contribute incalculably to the development of the Southwestern States and Territories, which constitute in themselves a magnificent empire. It is the merest childishness to decry its achievements or underrate its possibilities. Its whole career is a prophecy of a great and wonderful future. Its growth to its present dimensions is the marvel of the century. Every American should be proud of its growth and its eminence as affording an object-lesson of the superb creative ability of the American people—their appreciation of opportunity, their wisdom and skill in utilizing natural resources for the attainment of the highest ends of civilization; their courage and patience in overcoming obstacles seemingly insurmountable. We of New York are secure, by virtue of our geographical position, our inherited advantages, our relation to world-wide interests and influences; the day will never come when our voice will cease to be potential in the great affairs and larger concerns which touch all the nations. Why should we begrudge to the young and ambitious sister

of the West, whose greatness is confessed of men everywhere, the prosperous and honorable future which awaits her?

"American Optimism."

THE London *Spectator* has an article on "American Optimism" which embodies a peculiarly accurate conception of our national character, and which, coming from the source it does, is specially worthy of remark. Defining the characteristics which mark off the American spirit, the writer mentions, as first, "a tolerance of things unseemly and unmeet, inconvenient, and even wrong *per se*, which is not to be found" in England. He cites, as illustrative of this trait of American character, the tolerant good humor manifested in the treatment of the Coxey-army crusade. Continuing, the *Spectator* says:

"This tolerance is observable everywhere in America and in everything, from badly-paved streets to courts of justice so inefficient that even the best citizens have to organize lynching parties. Burke said: 'I must bear with inconveniences till they fester into crimes.' The American carries out this principle far too thoroughly. The festering point with him is put so high that it is almost impossible to get him to admit that toleration is no longer possible. Things which would make other nations mad with rage, and in an instant, he endures for years almost without a groan. The American does not like corrupt and inefficient municipalities, has no preference for seeing city property flung away piecemeal, and would prefer properly-paved streets; but when he does not get them, instead of making a fuss and insisting on a change, he quietly submits, in the pious hope that things will get properly fixed some day. To understand the cause of this tolerance is to understand the American. It is the tolerance, not of weariness, or cynicism, or lack of interest, but of optimism. The American cannot find it in his heart to be energetically angry over public inconveniences, because he is so profoundly impressed with the belief that things will come right in the end."

This infinite hopefulness as to the future is bound, in the opinion of our critic, to produce a certain amount of carelessness as to the present, but it also has its good side. It gives the nation an extraordinary recuperative power. It gives, too, a sort of sunniness to the national character which is very attractive, but which is missed in the Englishman. Says the *Spectator*:

"Take them as a whole the Americans are the kindest race on the face of the earth. In spite of their eagerness, their push, their desire to be in the front rank at all times and all seasons, the true American seldom fails in kindness. He wants badly to prevent any one getting ahead of him, mentally, physically, and morally, but if his competitor falls in the struggle he will make untold sacrifices to help him up. The rule in American business is pure cut-throat competition carried to its logical conclusion. You are expected to push and press every point as far as it can possibly be pushed and pressed, and no one is expected to consider whether, in making a commercial *coup*, you will not ruin Brown, Jones, and Robinson. The moment, however, that Brown, Jones, or Robinson actually goes under, he is treated with the utmost generosity and consideration. The hand which struck him down is instantly stretched forth to help him, and as much care and trouble are used to put him on his feet once again as were originally employed to knock him off them. In social intercourse this kindness and sunniness is specially attractive. The American will take infinite pains to make the merest stranger happy."

"The sense of a bright new world and the thought of all its possibilities has caused the golden flower of joy to grow somewhere in every American heart. Customs and conventions may conceal it, but search only long enough and you will find it, even in the heart of a New England farmer. The American cannot be a pessimist, do what he will. He may curse and rave and bully and fight and swear he is the worst-used man in creation; but at heart he is soothed by the ever-present thought that he is the heir of the ages, and that fate looks to him to bring in the golden age. We may see faults in the American spirit; but it is difficult to doubt that it will greatly help to accomplish the vast work before the American people—the work of licking into shape that awful continent, and making that terrible mixture of populations 'right English.' Nothing but invincible optimism could avail for a task so colossal. The Americans will be saved through the optimism which for the time disfigures them. Through them, and therefore through that optimism, the English tongue and the English ideals of honor, truth, freedom, and courage shall possess the earth."

The language used by this English writer in characterizing the relation which Americans hold to the civilization of the future is doubtless regarded by very many Englishmen as exaggerated, but it rests none the less on a basis of probability. Matthew Arnold stated the same thought when he said that "America holds the future"—that is, that we are to become the dominant factor in determining the policies and solving the problems of the world's coming ages. No student of our history and of the trend of events and ideas among the nations can fail to discern in them a prophecy of this fact. Our supreme concern should be to measure up, in all the relations of citizenship, to the height of our responsibility and our opportunity.

The Press and Public Interests.



OME notable illustrations of the growing independence of the newspaper press have been furnished during the political agitations of the present year. There are, of course, a good many journals that never rise above a partisan level; are never able to see any evil in the men or policies of the party to which they belong, or anything worthy of commendation in their political antagonists. But this can hardly be said of the leading newspapers of either party. These can nowadays be depended upon, in every acute civic and moral crisis, to champion the public rather than mere partisan interests. In the late campaign against

Tammany no newspapers rendered more valuable service than the *World*, the *Times*, and the *Evening Post*. They stood unflinchingly and with persistent activity for the people and the rescue of popular government from the clutch of an oligarchy of criminals. In the Breckinridge contest in Kentucky the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, undoubtedly the most influential Democratic journal of the South, furnished another example of high journalistic fidelity to the cause of sound morals, independently of personal and partisan considerations. So in Chicago, the press, in exposing the fraudulent registration by which one party hoped to pollute the ballot-box, displayed the very highest patriotic spirit. In fact, the detective work done by the newspapers in that city, in that connection, contributed more than anything else to the defeat of the whole nefarious scheme. By way of emphasizing their exposure some of them published illustrations of the lodging-houses, for the most part shanties and low groggeries, where most of the colonization had been discovered. One dilapidated hovel in a narrow alley was credited with eighty-six voters. The picture of this den of fraud was all that was needed to produce conviction of the colossal crime which it was proposed to perpetrate. The newspaper publications led to the removal from the registry-lists of over six thousand names upon which an indefinite number of votes would have been cast.

These illustrations, which might be easily multiplied, of the growing conscientiousness of the press, and the fidelity of the most influential journals to the highest public interests, attest at once the increasing enlightenment and deepening moral sense of community, and a broadening conception of the function and office of the modern newspaper which cannot but inspire every thoughtful observer with renewed confidence in our future. Where the press not only interprets honestly the best public sentiment and life, but educates and stimulates that sentiment by all the resources at its command, no public evil can long endure and no right of person or of property can be seriously endangered.

An Amazing Anomaly.

THE election machinery by which the recent contest at the polls was decided constitutes such an anomaly under a liberal form of government as to challenge at once the serious consideration of every good citizen. United States troops are not permitted by law to approach the polls, in which the untrammeled votes of a free people are cast and recorded. But the municipal police force, who are the uniformed soldiers of the metropolis, are not only allowed, but are required by the election laws of the State of New York to approach and surround the polls. The police department is even made by those statutes the sole agent of the people for the registration, recording, collection, and canvassing of those votes. The results of the election are first made known to the police department through its bureau of elections, sitting at police headquarters on Mulberry Street, and are thereafter, at its pleasure, communicated by the department through that bureau to the representatives of the people. For the police department of New York City as now organized cannot be deemed to represent the people, but is in fact the outcome of a dicker between the leaders of the Democratic and Republican parties. Let us state the facts briefly.

Since 1870 the police department has been organized under four commissioners, appointed and removable by the mayor of New York. A bureau in and dependency of that department is and has been the bureau of elections, the party bosses whose bargain resulted in the creation of the department, and the bureau, seeing nothing abhorrent in the forcible association of free elections and paid police—not even when the honor and perhaps the very existence of that police department were at stake in an election managed by that bureau. By that bargain the chief of the bureau of elections, to be selected by the police commissioners, was to be a Republican—he was, for many years, in the person of John J. O'Brien—and the superintendent of police was to be a Democrat, as he has always, in fact, been. The bargain went further and stipulated that of the four police commissioners two should be Republicans and two Democrats, no matter what the political persuasion, real or nominal, of the mayor, who was to appoint them. This unwritten law that the police board should be non-partisan, or equally partisan, was observed by the Democratic mayors of New York City until Hugh J. Grant broke it by appointing Charles F. MacLean, an independent Democrat, to be a police commissioner, instead of naming a Republican. The board is once more equally partisan by Mayor Gilroy's appointment of a Republican, Mr. Kerwin, in Mr. MacLean's place.

Through its bureau of elections the police department divides the city into registration and election districts, locating the places at which the citizens must register and vote, each presided over by boards of registration and election selected by the police from a list of names submitted by each of the political parties. But the police may go outside of those lists and make their own selections. The chief of the bureau is their man, and his assistants and accountants are his men—and theirs.

As soon as the polls close at four o'clock on election day, one or more policemen having been at hand all day, the ballots are counted and put back into the boxes, in the

presence of watchers from each party and on behalf of any candidate. Then the ballots are checked off by the poll-list, which should be the same as the registration-list. If there are more ballots than names of electors the chairman of the inspectors puts his hand into the ballot-box, averts his eyes, and draws out and destroys as many ballots as the excess. The vote is then canvassed, read and recorded on official sheets supplied by the election bureau, and these sheets are copied. No outsider is allowed to touch them, but they are sent at once, under police protection, with the ballots to police headquarters. The results are then made known from there to the proper county and city officials. In fact, New-Yorkers register and vote and learn the results by police permission and under police "protection." Such a state of affairs does not exist and would not be tolerated in any other free country on earth.

What do New-Yorkers think of it, in view of the revelations now in progress of the most shameful corruption and dishonesty in the department of police?

WHAT'S GOING ON

THE magnificent reception given to ex-President Harrison at the great Republican demonstration in this city was one of the most notable incidents of the late campaign. It was a tribute at once deserved and unique. Few ex-Presidents have commanded the popular respect and retained their hold upon popular confidence as ex-President Harrison has done.

THE peripatetic method of campaigning, or, more properly speaking, speech-making by railway, is not a new thing in the Western States, but it had not been introduced in this State, to any extent, until the recent canvass. Governor McKinley set the pace in his lightning tour from Buffalo to the Hudson, and Mr. Depew kept it up in a four days' trip, marked by phenomenal enthusiasm, during which he addressed nearly a score of audiences daily, and always eloquently and effectively. Governor Flower also "swung around the circle" at the tail of a special train, from which he talked in his usual extraordinary way to farmers and other folk who came to listen. No doubt a good many thousand voters were reached by this method of campaigning who would not otherwise have been stirred out of their ordinary quiet, and the general result was, we are quite sure, favorable to the Republicans.

MR. HERMAN HOLLERITH, of Washington, one of the first mathematicians in the world, has always claimed that an enormous amount of money will some day be made by insuring the lives of rejected risks, that is, of people who have been rejected as non-insurable by the regular life companies. Probably ten per cent. of the daily applications are thus rejected by our great companies in New York. We notice that life offices in London have taken up the inverse proposition, namely, that of granting more favorable rates for annuities upon invalid lives. One company has already issued a circular in which better rates are promised for impaired lives when satisfactory medical evidence is furnished that the prospect of longevity is below the average. After this cheerful assurance the risk will be accepted at a lower rate. If this is a subject worthy the attention of our insurance companies, certainly the suggestion of Mr. Hollerith is likewise valuable.

THE California Midwinter Fair was one of the most successful and efficiently managed exhibitions ever held in this country. It not only paid its way, but cleared the handsome sum of two hundred thousand dollars, which is to be expended in a permanent art building which will be at once a memorial of the enterprise of the Pacific slope and the business sagacity of the fair management, and a useful and constantly expanding centre of culture and refinement. When it is remembered that this fair was held during a period of exceptional financial stringency, its results must certainly be regarded as remarkable. And it ought to be said that the credit of this success is due, in a peculiar sense, to Mr. Michael De Young, the director-general, who was from first to last the dominant inspiration and force of the enterprise. Mr. De Young is now in New York, arranging for the purchase of objects of art for the new building, and is understood to have secured the basis of a collection of great value and interest.

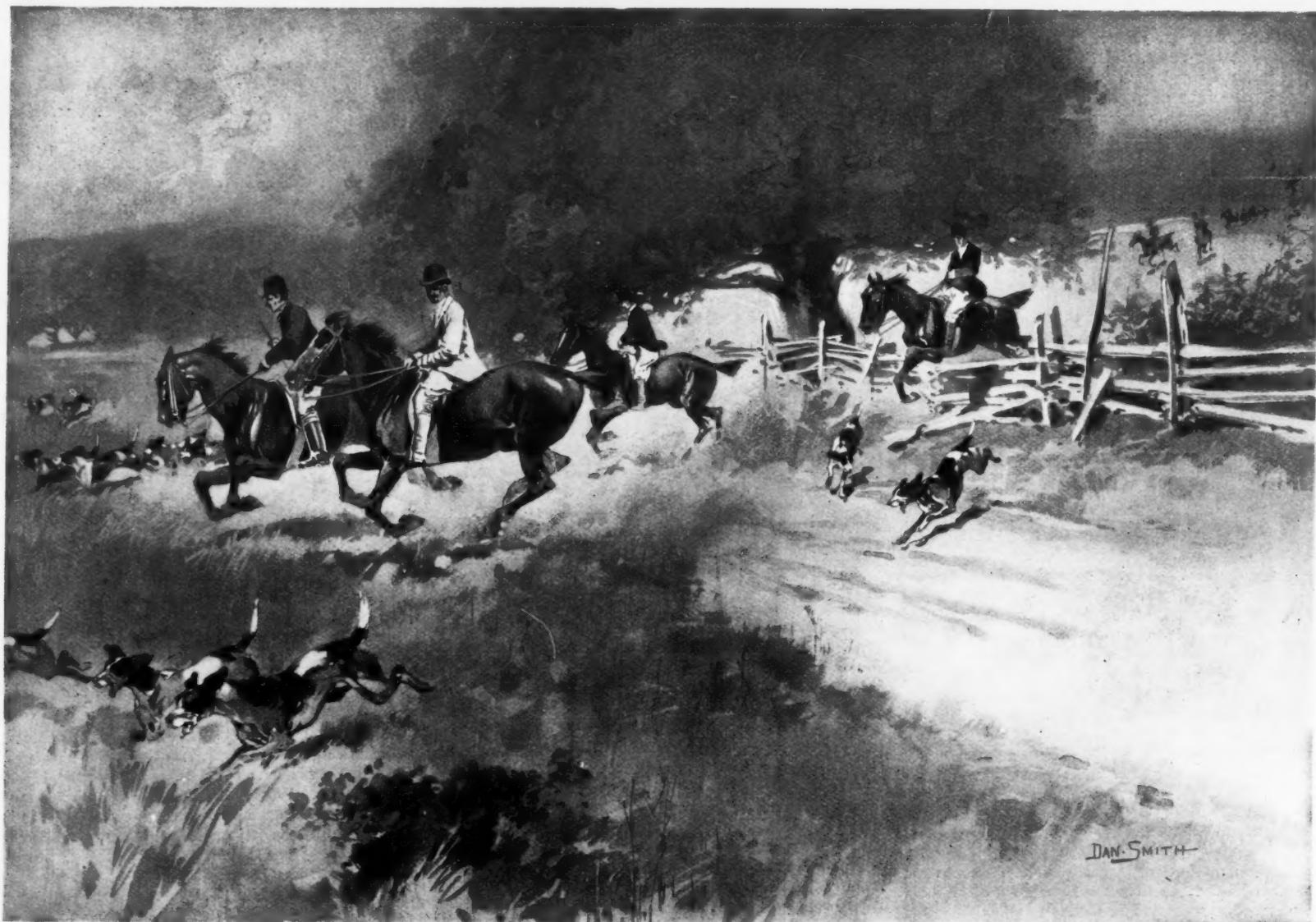
CERTAIN Democratic newspapers in this State quoted with great gusto, during the recent campaign, certain views expressed by LESLIE'S WEEKLY in reference to the American Protective Association. Our readers may remember that we declared our opposition to the introduction of religious issues into politics, but at the same time stated our conviction that the A. P. A. "had its motive and justification in sectarian encroachments upon distinctive American ideas." It was this word "justification" which fired the Democratic heart and provoked the indignation of otherwise amiable contemporaries. Behold, they cried, how these Republicans applaud the proscriptive policy of this intolerant organization; how ready they are to apply religious tests to candidates for office, and so on and on.

The inference was, of course, far-fetched and unworthy of those who made it, but it served just as well, as a campaign cry, as any other bit of partisan mendacity would have done, and so in their eyes was perfectly justifiable. It failed, however, to produce any serious impression; nobody was frightened by the spectre, and now that the election is over and done, possibly those who sought to terrify the people by its use are ashamed of the folly they committed.

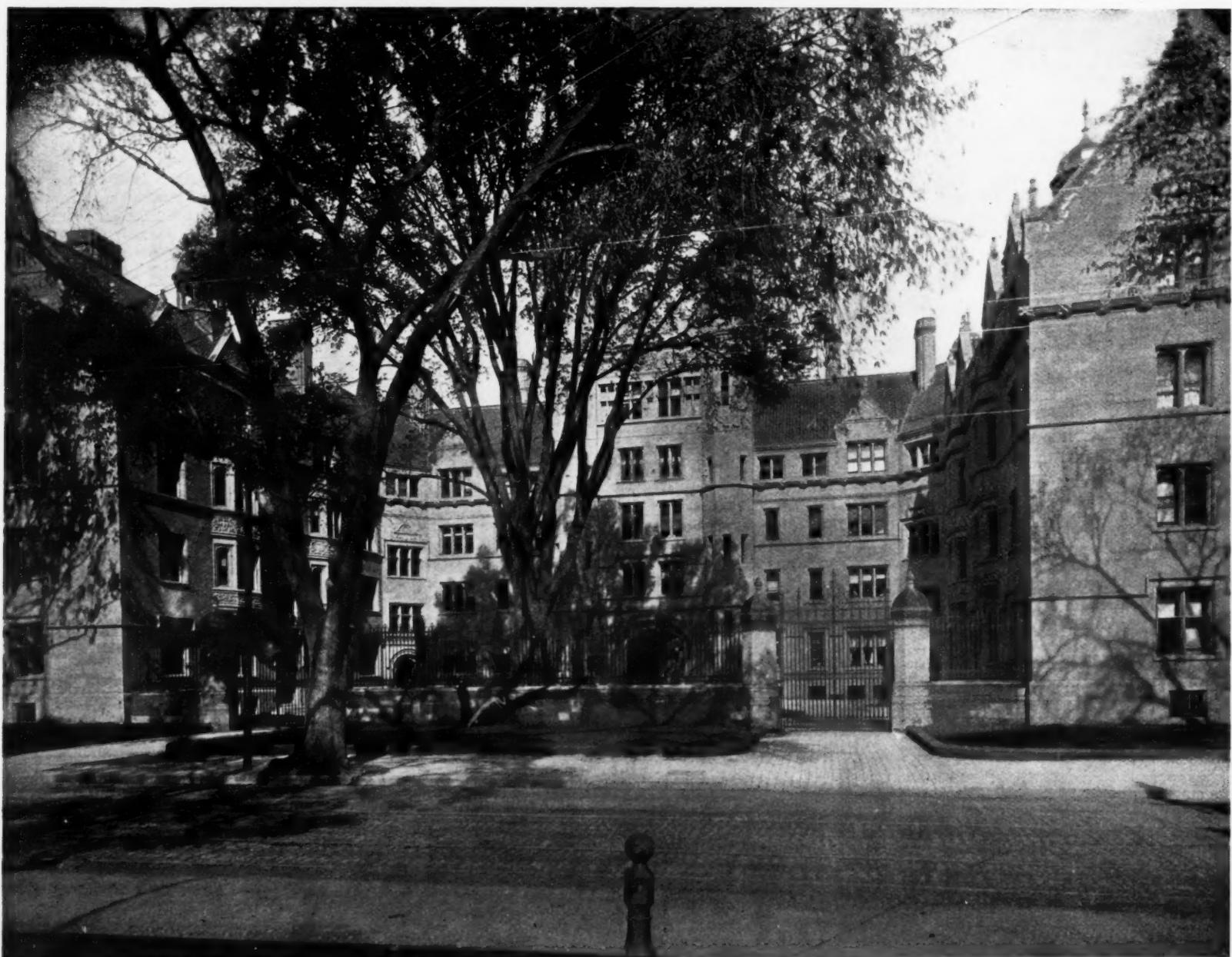
WE are beginning to pay the penalty of Democratic folly in annulling the reciprocity features of the McKinley law. In 1892 our exports of cattle, breadstuffs and provisions to Germany amounted, under our commercial agreement with that country, to thirty-three million dollars, as against nine million dollars' worth of the same articles exported three years before. Now the German government has prohibited the importation of live cattle from this country, alleging that the Texas fever has been discovered among them. But the true reason for this action is, of course, to be found in the repeal of the commercial agreement and the discrimination against German raw sugar. Thus the Wilson bill not only operates to the injury of our manufacturing industries, but it is closing foreign markets against our agriculture, impoverishing producers, and diminishing the purchasing capacity of a great body of consumers in our own land, and depriving us altogether of purchasers among consumers abroad. Secretary Gresham has protested against the German edict, insisting that there is no real ground for the prohibition so far as the healthfulness of American meat is concerned, but he will find in due time that it is not in the power of diplomacy to arrest the retaliatory policy which Democratic stupidity has provoked.

COLONEL JOHN A. COCKERILL, after ten years at the editorial desk in New York, is enjoying the wild life of the West as only a man of vivid perceptions and generous emotions can. Private letters bring the news, which will be welcome to his many friends and admirers, that after a preparatory season of jack-rabbit coursing and grouse and crane-shooting on the famous Cody ranch, near North Platte, Nebraska, Colonel Cockerill has moved on, with the great Buffalo Bill himself, into the big game country of Wyoming. There elk and bear, not to speak of an occasional mountain-lion and Rocky Mountain sheep, may be found by sportsmen so fortunate as to hunt in company with Buffalo Bill. The Cody ranch, where "Bill" has been so royally entertaining his friend, Colonel Cockerill, seems to be as near heaven as any frontiersman need expect to get. The mallard and teal consider themselves a part of the live stock regularly belonging on the place, the wide expanse of prairie and the impetuous jack-rabbit woo the visitor to horse and away, the air is like champagne, the sun shines, and nature is in a broad grin. There is a coach-and-four, with all the recognized tally-ho appointments, in the management of which Colonel Cockerill has been getting up his biceps, and a cook who knows how to serve rare gastronomic delights. There's a wine-cellars whose equipment matches the kitchen and dining-room, and a pervading spirit of *camaraderie* and fun to leaven the occasional rainy days. Who wouldn't cry, "Westward, Ho!" with Kingsley, with such a picture in the prospect?

THE recent political campaign in this State was marked by anomalies which no previous canvass in our history had ever presented. It had never happened, for instance, that the President of the United States, elected by an overwhelming majority as the candidate of a party pledged to a particular policy, absolutely refused to support the ticket nominated by it in his own State. This was precisely what Mr. Cleveland did, thereby declaring that the party of his choice was unworthy of his confidence. Then consider the inconsistencies manifested by thousands of Democrats in opposing Tammany because of its iniquitous partisan methods and at the same time supporting Senator Hill, the direct representative of the Tammany spirit—the man who more than any other is responsible for the introduction of its methods into the politics of the State, debasing and debauching our civic life and all departments of the public administration. The spectacle of Justice Gaynor, whose persistent prosecution of John Y. McKane sent that malefactor to Sing Sing for frauds upon the ballot, supporting for the governorship the person who, while serving as executive, planned the theft of a Legislature, and of Messrs. Coudert, Anderson, Grace, and other "reform" Democrats appealing for the preservation of the "integrity of the Democratic party" by the election of this conspirator against the rights of the people—this, surely, presented an exhibition of mental and moral perversity which has seldom if ever been matched. Then what audacious inconsistency was that shown by Democratic orators and newspapers in decrying the introduction of sectarianism into politics while appealing, in the party nominations, circulars, and addresses, to distinctively sectarian influences for support. If a kinetoscope study of all the prominent figures in the late Democratic canvass, showing the transformations which they so rapidly effected, could have been obtained by Mr. Edison, it would have afforded the basis of the most attractive and amusing exhibition he has ever given the public.



FOX-HUNTING IN THE GENESEE VALLEY—THE BEST-KNOWN HOME OF THAT SPORT IN AMERICA.—DRAWN BY D. F. SMITH
[SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 312.]



VANDERBILT HALL, THE NEW DORMITORY OF YALE UNIVERSITY, SAID TO BE THE FINEST IN THE WORLD.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY PACH.
[SEE PAGE 317.]



"A voice behind the baron said, 'Ah, no, no; not again!'"

TALES OF PIERRE AND HIS PEOPLE.

A SERIES OF NINE SHORT STORIES BY GILBERT PARKER.

VII.—THE BARON OF BEAUGARD.



THE Manor House at Beaugard, Monsieur? Ah, *bien sûr*, I mind it very well. It was the first in Quebec, and there are many tales. It had a chapel and a gallows. Its baron, he had the power of life and death, and the right of the seigneur—you understand?—which he

used only once; and then what trouble it made for him and the woman, and the seigneur, and the parish, and all the country!"

"What is the whole story, Pierre?" said Tybalt, who had spent months in the French half-breed's company, stalking game, and tales, and legends of the North.

"Mais, I do not know for sure; but the Abbé Frontone, he and I were snowed up together in that same house which now belongs to the church, and in the big fire-place, where we sat on a bench toasting our knees and our bacon, he told me the tale as he knew it. He was a great scholar—there is none greater. He had found papers in the wall of the house, and from the government chest he got more. Then there were the tales handed down, and the records of the church—for she knows the true story of every man that has come to New France from first to last. So, because I have a taste for tales, and gave him some, he told me of the Baron of Beaugard and that time he took the right of the seigneur, and the end of it all.

"Of course it was a hundred and fifty years ago, when Bigot was intendant—ah, what a rascal was that Bigot, robber and deceiver! He never stood by a friend, and never fought fair a foe—so the abbé said. Well, Beaugard was no longer young. He had built the manor house, he had put up his gallows, he had his vassals, he had been made a lord, he had quarreled with Bigot and had conquered, but at great cost; for Bigot had such power, and the governor had trouble enough to care for himself against Bigot, though he was Beaugard's friend.

"Well, there was a good lump of a fellow who had been a soldier, and he picked out a girl in the seigneurie of Beaugard to make his wife. It is said the girl herself was not set for the

man, for she was of finer stuff than the peasants around her, and showed it. But her father and mother had a dozen other children, and what was the girl, this Falise, to do? She said yes to the man, the time was fixed for the marriage, and it came along.

"So. At the very hour of the wedding Beaugard came by, for the church was in mending and he had given leave it should be in his own chapel. Well, he rode by just as the bride was coming out with the man—Garoche. When he saw Falise he gave a whistle, then spoke in his throat, reined up his horse, and got down. He fastened his eyes on the girl's. A strange look passed between them—he had never seen her before, but she had seen him often, and when he was gone had helped the housekeeper with his rooms. She had carried away with her a stray glove of his. Of course it sounds droll, and they said of her when all came out it was wicked; but evil is according to a man's own heart, and the girl had hid this glove as she hid whatever was in her soul—hid it even from the priest. . . .

"*Bien*, the baron looked and she looked, and he took off his hat, stepped forward, and kissed her on the cheek. She turned pale as a ghost, and her eyes took on the color that her cheeks lost. When he stepped back he looked close at the husband. 'What is your name?' he said. 'Garoche, Monsieur le Baron,' was the reply. 'Garoche! Garoche!' he said, eying him up and down. 'You have been a soldier?' 'Yes, Monsieur le Baron.' 'You have served with me?' 'Against you, Monsieur le Baron . . . when Bigot came fighting.' 'Better against me than for me,' said the baron, speaking to himself, though he had so strong a voice that what he said could be heard by those near him—that is, those who were tall, for he was six and a half feet, with legs and shoulders like a bull.

"He stooped and stroked the head of his hound for a moment, and all the people stood and watched him, wondering what next. At last he said: 'And what part played you in that siege, Garoche?' Garoche looked troubled, but answered: 'It was in the way of duty, Monsieur le Baron—I with five others captured the relief-party sent from your cousin, the Seigneur of Vadrome.' 'Oh,' said the baron, looking sharply, 'you were in

that, were you? Then you know what happened to the young Marmette!' Garoche trembled a little, but drew himself up and said: 'Monsieur le Baron, he tried to kill the intendant—there was no other way.' 'What part played you in that, Garoche?' Some gasped, for they knew the truth, and they feared the wild temper of the baron. 'I ordered the firing-party, Monsieur le Baron,' he answered.

"The seigneur's eyes got fierce and his face hardened, but he stooped and drew the ears of the hound through his hand softly. 'Marmette was my cousin's son, and had lived with me,' he said—'a brave lad, and he had a nice hatred of vileness—else he had not died.' A strange smile played on his lips for a moment, then he looked at Falise steadily. Who can tell what was working in his mind? 'War is war,' he went on, 'and Bigot was your master, Garoche; but the man pays for his master's sins this way or that. Yet I would not have it different; no, not a jot.' Then he turned round to the crowd, raised his hat to the curé, who stood on the chapel steps, once more looked steadily at Falise, and said: 'You shall all come to the manor house and have your feastings there, and we will drink to the homecoming of the fairest woman in my seigneurie. Your company also, Monsieur le Curé,' he said, as he saw the priest gazing at him, and with that he turned round, bowed to Falise, put on his hat, caught the bridle through his arm, and led his horse to the manor house, the big hound following.

"This was in the afternoon. Of course, whether they wished or not, Garoche and Falise could not refuse, and the people were glad enough, for they would have a free hand at meat and wine, the baron being bountiful of table. And it was as they guessed, for though the time was so short, the people at Beaugard soon had the tables heavy with food and drink. It was just at the time of candle-lighting the baron came in and gave a toast. 'To the dwellers in Eden to-night,' he said—'Eden against the time of the angel and the sword.' I do not think that any except the curé and the woman understood, and she, maybe, only because a woman feels a thing, and knows from that, even when her brain does not. After they had done shouting to his toast he said a good-night to all, and they began to

leave, the curé among the first to go, with a troubled look in his face. He could not have prevented what came after, and so he held his peace. Then, too, he had been with the baron before the feasting, and what passed between them who can tell?

"As the people left, the baron said to Garoche and Falise: 'A moment with me before you go.' The woman started, for she thought of one thing, and Garoche started, for he thought of another—the siege of Beaugard and the killing of young Marmette. But they followed the seigneur to his chamber. Coming in he shut the door on them. Then he turned to Garoche. 'You will accept the roof and bed of Beaugard to-night, my man,' he said, 'and come to me here at nine to-morrow morning.' Garoche stared hard for an instant. 'Stay here!' he said; 'Falise and me stay here in the manor, Monsieur le Baron?' 'Here, even here, Garoche; so good-night to you,' said the baron. Garoche turned toward the girl. 'Then come, Falise,' he said, and reached out his hand. 'Your room shall be shown you at once,' the seigneur added, softly, 'the lady's at her pleasure.'

"Then a cry burst from Garoche, and he sprang forward, but the baron waved him back. 'Stand off,' he said, 'and let the lady choose between us.' 'She is my wife,' said Garoche. 'I am your seigneur,' said the other. 'And there is more than that,' he went on; 'for d—n me, she is too fine stuff for you, and the church shall untie what she has tied to-day.' At that Falise fainted, and the baron caught her as she fell. He laid her on a couch, keeping an eye on Garoche the while. 'Loose her gown,' he said, 'while I get brandy.' Then he turned to a cupboard, poured liquor, and came over. Garoche had her dress open at the neck and bosom, and was staring at something on her breast. The baron saw also, stooped, with a strange sound in his throat, and picked it up. 'My glove,' he said. 'And on her wedding day! Here is its mate, fished this morning from my hunting-coats, a pair the governor gave me. You see, man, you see her choice.'

"At that he stooped and put some brandy to her lips. Garoche drew back sick and numb, and did nothing, only stared. Falise came to herself soon, and when she felt her dress open, gave a cry. Garoche could have killed her then, when he saw her shudder from him, as if afraid, over toward the baron, who held the glove in his hand, and said: 'Voilà, Garoche, you had better go. In the next room they will tell you where to sleep. To-morrow, as I said, you will meet me here. We shall have things to say, you and I.' Ah, that baron, he had a droll mind, but in truth he loved the woman, as you shall see.

"Garoche got up without a word, went to the door and opened it, the eyes of the baron and the woman following him, for there was a devil in his eye. In the other room there were men waiting, and he was taken to a chamber and locked in. You can guess what that night must have been to him—*oui alors*."

"What was it to the baron and Falise?"

"Monsieur, what do you think? Beaugard had never had an eye for women; loving his hounds, fighting, quarreling, doing wild, strong things. So, all at once he was face to face with a woman who had the look of love in her face, who was young, rich, and fine of body, so the abbé said, and was walking to marriage, at her father's will and against her own, carrying his glove in her bosom. What should he do? But no, ah, no, monsieur, not as you think; not quite. Wild, with the bit in his teeth, yes; but at heart—well, here was the one woman for him, he knew it all in a minute, and he would have her once and for all, and till death should come their way. And so he said to her as he raised her, she drawing back afraid, her heart hungering for him, yet fear in her eyes, and her fingers trembling as she softly pushed him from her. You see, she did not know quite what was in his heart. She was the daughter of a tenant vassal who had lived in the family of a grand seigneur in her youth, the friend of his child—that was all, and that was where she got her manners and her mind.

"She got on her feet and said: 'Monsieur le Baron, you will let me go—to my husband. I cannot stay here. Oh, you are great, you are noble, you would not make me sorry, make me to hate myself—and you. I have only one thing in the world of any price—you would not steal my happiness!' He looked at her steady in the eyes and said: 'Will it make you happy to go to Garoche?' She raised her hands and wrung them. 'God knows, God knows, I am his wife,' she said, helplessly, 'and he loves me.' 'And God knows, God knows,' said the baron, 'it is all a question of whether one shall feed and two go hungry, or two gather and one have the stubble. Shall not he stand in the stubble? What has he done to merit you? What would he do? You are for the master, not the man; for love, not the feeding on; for the manor house and the hunt, not the cottage and the loom.'

"She broke into tears, her heart thumping in her throat. 'I am for what the church did for me this day,' she said. 'Oh, sir, I pray you, forgive me and let me go! Do not punish me, but forgive me—and let me go. I was wicked to wear your glove—wicked, wicked.' 'But no,' was his reply, 'I shall not forgive you so good a deed, and you shall not go. And what the church did for you this day she shall undo—by all the saints she shall! You came sailing into my heart this hour past on a strong wind, and you shall not slide out on an ebb-tide. I have you here, as your seigneur, but I have you here as a man who will—'

"He sat down by her at that point, and whispered softly in her ear, at which she gave a cry which had both gladness and pain. 'Surely, even that,' he said, catching her to his breast. 'And the Baron of Beaugard never broke his word.' What should be her reply? Does not a woman when she truly loves, always believe? That is the great sign. She slid to her knees and dropped her head into the hollow of his arm. 'I do not understand these things,' she said, 'but I know that the other was death, and this is life. And yet I know, too, for my heart says so, that the end—the end will be death.'

"'Tut, tut, my flower, my wild rose,' he said; 'of course the end of all is death, but we will go a-Maying first, come October and the breaking of the world when it must. We are for Maying now, my rose of all the world!' It was as if he meant more than what he said—as if he saw what would come in that October which all New France never forgot, when, as he said, the world broke over them.

"The next morning the baron called Garoche to him. The man was like some mad buck harried by the hounds, and he gnashed his teeth beneath his shut lips. The seigneur eyed him curiously yet kindly, too, as well he might, for when was ever man to hear such a speech as came to Garoche the morning after his marriage. 'Garoche,' the baron said, having waved his men away, 'as you see, the lady made her choice—and forever. You and she have said your last farewell in this world—for the wife of the Baron of Beaugard can have nothing to say to Garoche the soldier.' At that Garoche snarled out, 'The wife of Baron Beaugard! That is a lie to shame all hell.' The baron wound the lash of a riding-whip round and round his fingers quietly and said: 'It is no lie, my man, but the truth.' Garoche eyed him savagely, and growled: 'The church made her my wife yesterday. And you!—you!—you!—ah, you who had all—you with your money and place, which could get all easy, you take the one thing I have. You, the grand seigneur, are only a common robber. Ah! Jésu—if you would but fight me!'

"The baron, very calm, said: 'First, Garoche, the lady was only your wife by a form which the church shall set aside—it could never have been a true marriage. Second, it is no stealing to take from you what you did not have. I took what was mine—remember the glove! For the rest—to fight you? No, my churl, you know that's impossible. You may shoot me from behind a tree or a rock, but swording with you?—Come, come, a pretty gossip for the court! Then, why wish a fight? Where would you be, as you stood before me—you?' The baron stretched himself up and smiled down at Garoche. 'You have your life, man; take it and go—to the farthest corner of New France, and show not your face here again. If I find you ever again in Beaugard I will have you whipped from parish to parish. Here is money for you—good gold coins. Take them and go.'

"Garoche got still and cold as stone. He said in a low, harsh voice: 'Monsieur le Baron, you are a common thief, a wolf, a snake. Such men as you come lower than Judas. As God has an eye to see, you shall pay all one day. I do not fear you nor your men, nor your gallows. You are a jackal, and the woman has a filthy heart—a ditch of shame.'

"The baron drew up his arm like lightning, and the lash of his whip came singing across Garoche's pale face. Where it passed a welt rose at once, but the man never stirred. The arm came up again, but a voice behind the baron said: 'Ah, no, no; not again!' There stood Falise. Both men looked at her. 'I have heard Garoche,' she said. 'He does not judge me right. My heart is no filthy ditch of shame. But it was breaking when I came from the altar with him yesterday. Yet I would have been a true wife to him after all. A ditch of shame—ah, Garoche—Garoche! And you said you loved me, and that nothing could change you!'

"The baron said to her: 'Why have you come, Falise?' I forbade you.' 'Oh, my lord,' she answered, 'I feared—for you both. When men go mad they know not what they do. When they slander and hate, a devil has gone into them.' The baron, taking her by the hand, said: 'Permit me,' and he led her to the door for her to pass out. She looked back sadly at Garoche, standing for a moment very still.

Then Garoche said: 'I command you, come with me; you are my wife.' She did not reply, but shook her head at him. Then he spoke out high and fierce: 'May no child be born to you. May a curse fall on you. May your fields be barren and your horses and cattle die. May you never see nor hear good things. May the waters leave their courses to drown you, and the hills their bases to bury you, and no hand lay you in decent graves!'

"The woman put her hands to her ears and gave a little cry, and the baron pushed her gently on and closed the door after her. Then he turned to Garoche. 'Have you said all you wish?' he asked. 'For, if not, say on, and then go; and go so far you cannot see the sky that covers Beaugard. We are even now—we can cry quits. But that I have a little injured you, you should be done for instantly. But hear me: if I ever see you again, my gallows shall end you straight. Your tongue has been gross before the mistress of this manor; I will have it torn out if it so much as syllables her name to me or to the world again. She is dead to you. Go, and go forever! He put a bag of money on the table, but Garoche turned away from it and without a word left the room, and the house, and the parish, and said nothing to any man of the evil that had come to him.

"But what talk was there, and what dreadful things were said at first!—that Garoche had sold his wife to the baron; that he had been killed and his wife taken; that the baron had him a prisoner in a cellar under the manor house. And all the time there was Falise with the baron—very quiet and sweet and fine to see, and going to chapel every day, and to Mass on Sundays—which no one could understand, any more than they could see why she should be called the Baroness of Beaugard; for had they all not seen her married to Garoche? And there were many people who thought her vile. Yet truly, at heart, she was not so—not at all. Then it was said that there was to be a new marriage; that the church would let it be so, doing and undoing, and doing again. But the weeks and the months went by, and it was never done. For, powerful as the baron was, Bigot, the intendant, was powerful also, and fought the thing with all his might. The baron went to Quebec to see the bishop and the governor, and though promises were made, nothing was done. It must go to the king and then to the Pope, and from the Pope to the king again, and so on. And the months and the years went by, as they waited, and with them came no child to the manor house of Beaugard. That was the only sad thing—that and the waiting, so far as man could see. For never were man and woman truer to each other than these, and never was a lady of the manor kinder to the poor, or a lord freer of hand to his vassals. He would bluster sometimes, and string a peasant up by the heels, but his gallows was never used, and what was much in the minds of the people, the curé did not refuse the woman the sacrament.

"At last the baron, fierce because he knew that Bigot was the cause of the great delay, so that he might not call Falise his wife, seized a transport on the river, which had been sent to brutally levy upon a poor gentleman, and when Bigot's men resisted, shot them down. Then Bigot sent against Beaugard a company of artillery and some soldiers of the line. The guns were placed on a hill looking down on the manor house across the little river. In the evening the cannons arrived, and in the morning the fight was to begin. The guns were loaded and everything was ready. At the manor all was making ready also, and the baron had no fear.

"But Falise's heart was heavy, she knew not why. 'Eugene,' she said, 'if anything should happen!' 'Nonsense, my Falise,' he answered; 'what should happen?' 'If—if you were taken—were killed!' she said. 'Nonsense, my rose,' he said again, 'I shall not be killed. But if I were, you should be at peace here.' 'Ah, no, no,' said she. 'Never. Life to me is only possible with you. I have had nothing but you—none of those things which give peace to other women—none. But I have been happy—oh, yes, very happy. And, God forgive me, Eugene, I cannot regret, and I never have. But it has been always and always my prayer that when you die I may die with you—at the same moment. For I cannot live without you, and besides, I would like to go to the good God with you to speak for us both; for oh, I loved you, I loved you, and I love you still, my husband, my adored!'

"He stooped—he was so big, and she but of middle height—kissed her, and said: 'See, my Falise, I am of the same mind. We have been happy in life, and we could well be happy in death together.' So they sat long, long into the night and talked to each other—of the days they had passed together, of cheerful things, she trying to comfort herself, and he trying to bring smiles to her lips. At last they said good-night and he lay down in his clothes; and after a few moments she was sleeping like a child. But he could not sleep, for he lay thinking of her

and of her life—how she had come from humble things and fitted in with the highest. At last, at break of day, he arose and went outside. He looked up at the hill where Bigot's two guns were. Men were already stirring there. One man was standing beside the gun, and another not far behind. Of course the baron could not know that the man behind the gunner said: 'Yes, you may open the dance with an early salute'; and he smiled up boldly at the hill and went into the house and stole to the bed of his wife to kiss her before he began the day's fighting. He looked at her a moment, standing over her, and then stooped and softly put his lips to hers.

"At that moment the gunner up on the hill used the match, and an awful thing happened. With the loud roar the whole hillside of rock and gravel and sand split down, not ten feet in front of the gun, moved with horrible swiftness upon the river, filled its bed and turned it from its course, and, sweeping on, swallowed the manor house of Beaugard. There had been a crack in the hill, the water of the river had sapped its foundations, and it needed only this shock to send it down. And twice since that day this same river has been shifted from its course by breaking banks and hills; the last time but two years ago, as all remember.

"And so, as the woman wished: the same hour for herself and the man. And when at last their prison was opened by the willing hands of Bigot's men, they were found check by check, free forever from all mortal bonds, but bound in the sacred marriage of death.

"But another had gone the same road, for, at the awful moment, beside the burst gun, the dying gunner, Garoche, lifted up his head, saw the loose traveling hill, and said with his last breath: 'The waters drown them, and the hills bury them, and—' He had his way with them, and after that perhaps the great God had His way with him—eh?—eh?'

County Aristocracy in the Genesee Valley.

You may go there when the tipplish air of an early November day sends the blood tingling through your veins and kindles in you a hitherto unfelt enthusiasm for hunting, when the dead quiet of winter doubles the value of the proverbial hospitality of "the Valley" hosts, or when the trees and grass have just begun to show their delicate green colors—but whenever it may be that you ride along the hedge-skirted roads of the country or sit around the fire or on the porch with your host and fellow-guests, you always feel that the Genesee Valley is one of the most charming bits of country in the world, and its old county families the most delightful.

Fox-hunting in the Genesee Valley has been made the theme of several articles, but none of them has dwelt upon certain characteristics of "the Valley"—as it is known to frequent sojourners there—which make it one of the most unique, not to say "English," stretches of country in America. While it is fox-hunting in the most approved old British way which has been chiefly instrumental in giving such a wide reputation to this region, there are more important fundamental features in the valley's history and geography, its social life and customs, which have not only contributed largely to its popularity, but which have served as the *raison d'être* of fox-hunting itself.

It was not long after the Revolutionary War, more than a touch of which was felt along the Genesee River when the Indian massacres caused General Sullivan to set out on his famous expedition in 1779, that General James S. Wadsworth secured about half of what is now Genesee County and went there to live. That was the foundation of the large landed interests of the family of Wadsworth, whose name is as indissolubly connected now with the Genesee Valley as is the family of Adams with Quincy. In the early part of the century part of the Fitzhugh family came there from Virginia and one of the Carrolls from Carrollton, and in recent years a permanent home has been acquired in the valley by Mr. S. S. Howland, who married the daughter of August Belmont. Certain prominent Buffalo families have recently settled there, so that now no less than five different descendants of General Wadsworth with distinct establishments, with about twelve other "county" families, live the year round in "the Valley" and give it a "tone" very different from that at Lenox, Tuxedo, or Newport.

Genesee is essentially an English county, and its families whom I have mentioned and the life they lead more nearly resemble the old English "county families" and their way of living than anywhere else in America. To begin with, there is a thorough, almost passionate, love for out-door life among the people. No fashionable Tuxedo breakfast, or round of Newport dinners, or wearing succession of Lenox balls for them! There is little late rising, and

"early to bed" is particularly the rule in the fashionable hunting season, when "starts" are frequently made at 5:30 A.M. There is plenty of good cheer, and plenty of visiting from house to house. In the latter, the "county-family" characteristics and aristocratic feelings of the people are brought out. Though Mr. Herbert Wadsworth's charmingly-arranged house at Avon is ten miles from the oak-girted manor of his brother, Mr. Austin Wadsworth, and though the latter has to ride five miles to see Mr. Howland or Mr. Fitzhugh at Mt. Morris, and all live in different townships, there is little mingling with the townspeople of Avon, Genesee, Mt. Morris, and Piffard. It is essentially a "county set," a "county aristocracy," and almost the only time that there is an absolute democracy of feeling is in the hunting season, when Farmer John and Farmer Henry elbow with all the rest at a hunt breakfast, and mayhap come out first at the finish. In the midsummer sports of July Fourth, when the queen old grass-grown race-track of Genesee, shadowed by great oaks which have braved the tempests of a hundred years, is the scene of fun and frolic, the "gentry" are invariably inside the rail on top of coaches or in buckboards, while the *bourgeois* audience looks complacently on from the seats of the rickety little grandstand.

Then, too, all this Genesee aristocracy has that enthusiastic love of horse-flesh which is so common among the English. Not a woman of them all but can harness her own horse and ride to hounds; not a man but has been in the saddle since he was a youngster of four. The layman guest, like the society man at the horse show, quickly absorbs the horse lingo and learns rapidly to discuss a steed's "action" and "gait." The fact that distances from one house to another are so great makes many horses the necessity and their care a pleasure. The smallest stable in the county has at least six horses, and in the largest, Mr. S. S. Howland's, there are over forty carriage and riding horses, exclusive of the hundred or more in the "Bellwood stud."

As you look out from Mr. Austin Wadsworth's spacious old house, through the gnarled oaks which dot the meadows, down the gentle slope across the river where Mr. Charles Wadsworth's white-pillared mansion is, or as you stand in the rear of Mr. James Wadsworth's great house and let your eyes run along miles

WALTER C. NICHOLS.

THE WAR IN THE EAST.

OUR CORRESPONDENT WITH THE JAPANESE ARMY TELLS THE STORY OF THE CAPTURE OF PING YANG.

PING YANG, COREA, September 17th, 1894.

HERE at last we are in Ping Yang, the great stronghold which from fifteen to twenty thousand Chinese soldiers had fortified and thought they could successfully defend against the world. Before telling you about the battle let me explain in a few words how I managed to reach this place in five days from Tokio, when twelve days were considered the quickest way in which the trip could possibly be made. I went by rail thirty-two hours from Tokio to Ujina, where I took passage on a military transport, reaching Chemulpo, Corea, in two days. From there it would have taken at least nine days to reach Ping Yang by land, but upon my arrival in Chemulpo the commander of the place, General Uyena, announced that within a couple of hours a transport would sail for the Ping Yang River, which it would reach in eighteen or twenty hours. It was considered safe, as Japanese men-of-war were cruising off the coast, and as the army, after surrounding Ping Yang, was ready to storm the place. Of course I accepted. On this very fine transport I was treated in the kindest manner by all the officers and army officers we were taking to Ping Yang. After more or less difficulties, exchanges of signals with men-of-war, etc., we entered the river, the first steamer that ever did so. The country is magnificent, the river as wide as the Hudson, and on both sides small bays, rich valleys, and immense mountains, as wild as could be imagined. We went up about forty-five miles, when we had to anchor, the water becoming too shallow. Then the army officers and myself decided to attempt to join the army, about thirty miles distant, in sampans (small flat-boats), which we had brought on the deck of our steamer. Four of these little craft sailed together at seven in the evening, two containing provisions and ammunition for the army, one about twenty soldiers, and ours ten officers, myself and my servant interpreter. We were packed like sardines in a box, and could not possibly think of moving. It was pitch dark, and I must say that this night trip in a little row-boat up an unknown river, between huge, dark mountains, in a country at war, was extremely exciting. At ten P.M. the moon

appeared, but unfortunately at four A.M. a heavy fog fell upon us, soon followed by rain. We had no shelter whatever and were soaked wet. By ten A.M. the sun broke through the fog and the heat became insufferable—103°. Soon the dead bodies of Chinese soldiers, horses, etc., passed us, carried down by the river, and the odor became worse indeed than the heat. But, to make a long story short, we managed to reach Ping Yang toward the end of the battle. The Japanese army entered the city and General Notzu, the commander-in-chief, took his headquarters in the palace of the defeated Chinese general.

I immediately went to see him. Charming as all other Japanese officers, he asked me to be his guest in the only lodging he could offer me. In the large open hall and reception-room of the palace, under the huge carved roof, and surrounded by the big, huge columns, painted in bright red, we were talking. There, in the middle, is a large platform on which the Chinese general used to sit with his staff. It was surrounded by screens and offered to me as an apartment, the general having the other part of the building. The Chinese commander having left plenty of silk and woolen blankets behind, we managed to have very comfortable beds indeed. I am writing this letter on the table upon which the Chinese general made his battle plans and wrote his orders.

A sad sight, however, awaited us here. In one corner of the big hall was found the head of a young and brilliant Japanese lieutenant, who yesterday was wounded and taken prisoner by the Chinese while leading his company to the assault of a fort. This is the way the Chinese treat their prisoners. And, which is more, in the papers of the defeated officers were found, together with love-letters, etc., official proclamations offering rewards for all Japanese heads, or parts of heads—so much for the whole, so much for an ear or a nose. Thus hundreds of innocent Coreans were massacred by the Chinese and given as Japanese so as to get a reward. Twenty-five or thirty Japanese soldiers and officers were thus found mutilated and beheaded. Ought not the nations of the world to make strong protestations against such barbarities, to the Peking government?

of undulating pasture, not too closely grown with trees, only here and there a fence, you can wonder no longer why the Genesee Valley has become the best-known home of fox-hunting in America. It is an ideal stretch of country, from a rider's standpoint, from Avon up the river to Mount Morris and beyond. There is a succession of broken hills, sloping so gradually from the Genesee River that if you are on a break or a drag you are carried swiftly along over the hard clay roads, with never a thought of walking the horses. There are no sharp ascents, and yet there is enough slope to give zest to cross-country riding. There are no long stretches of thick forest or underbrush, but many a bit of cover whose oaks and maples maintain a reserve toward one another, and keep sufficient distance to let a rider plunge between. Through some of these covers I have been driven at a gallop in a buckboard by one of the most daring "whips" of the county—a girl, I am sorry to say, who sent her two mares, Barbara and Lady Teazle, flying so rapidly between trees and over stumps, zig-zag and straight-away, that in fifteen minutes I felt that my seat in the buckboard might have been a Spanish chair of torture, for all the safety I felt!

If you are there in the fall into December you are sure of the merriest round of hunting, riding, drag-driving, and hunt-breakfasts; you will drink your fill of the intoxicating autumn, and will wonder if you have ever seen such gorgeous coloring on maples, such splendid old oaks in their finale of color-music. If you are there in the spring or early summer you will sniff such odors as never came from New England or Western hay-fields, fish in nooks you never dreamed of in Canada, and loll on the most spacious piazzas at sunset, wrapped in the color symphony. If it be your good fortune to be one of a house-party in the dead of winter you may be sure of an invigorating sleigh-ride off to the Portage bridge or to one of the other houses; you may be sure that the finest of old fire-places is to give out cheer every evening to the story-telling, ale-sipping group around it; and that all the pleasures you are experiencing thirty other men are sharing in the other mansions of the county. For you and they are the guests of a people who dispense the best hospitality in the world, and its synonym is the Genesee Valley.

WALTER C. NICHOLS.

Now, as for the battle. On the 15th instant the city held by the Chinese was entirely surrounded. Upon leaving Seoul, fifteen days previous, the Japanese generals had decided that the attack would take place on that very day, and that each detachment must be there by all means. They left by different roads, and no words could give an idea of the difficulties and suffering they had to endure. The country is very mountainous, and has no road to speak of. No food or even water could be found, and guns, ammunition, and provisions had to be carried by men or small Corean horses. The country had been sacked by the Chinese, and the inhabitants had fled, leaving their half-burned and demolished houses. What miserable rascals these Chinese are! But in spite of all, the Japanese soldiers never lost their spirit. Each man worked like three ordinary men, and when I saw them they were as good-humored and cheerful as could be. You have had the details of the battle, and I need not give them. Suffice it to say that the city was taken by the Japanese, and the Chinese put to rout, leaving fifteen hundred killed, three thousand wounded, and seven hundred prisoners of war; besides two hundred thousand dollars in gold and silver, an enormous amount of provisions and ammunition, thirty fine guns, several thousand Winchester rifles, thousands of flags, etc. The Japanese had about twelve thousand men in all, the Chinese between eighteen and twenty thousand.

The sight of the city is most pitiful. It has been sacked by the Chinese, half the houses are destroyed, and the people have run away. The dead bodies of men and animals are covering the ground; the odors are terrific. The Japanese are treating their prisoners with the utmost kindness, and their Red Cross Society and ambulances, which are admirably organized, take care of the wounded Chinamen. A special hospital has been arranged for them, and I saw the Japanese surgeons working in it with the greatest skill. I have just visited the prisoners—a worse lot of wretched, miserable creatures has never been seen. They look more like devils and beasts than men. They are poorly dressed and frightfully dirty. What a difference between them and the well-dressed and fine-looking Japanese. I spoke to a Chinese commander, a prisoner. I first told him I knew Li Hung Chang. He brightened up and became very talkative. I said to him that in going through Ujina in Japan I had seen the Chinese prisoners of war and that they were well treated. He told me he could not understand the Japanese kindness; that he was very well treated, had meals three times a day, and rice and water as much as he wanted. I asked him whether he was not ashamed of the Chinese. He said he was, but that they had orders to pursue the inhuman policy they do.

My information from Seoul, the Corean capital, is that the Japanese are rapidly introducing wholesome and needed reforms in the public administration, and that the situation is every day improving. I must reserve an account of these and other important matters for another letter. A. B. DE GUERVILLE.

The East Wind.

THE world is out of sorts to-night
There's gloom and grumbling everywhere;
No skill can make the fireside bright;
In vain we pile the logs with care.
For from the sea the east wind moans,
Ill-omened, hated as of old,
With chills and aches for weary bones;
With sleet and blight for field and fold.
About the clattering eaves it whines;
Through every chink it fiercely shrills,
And he who reads aright the signs
With kindly hand each manger fills.
Now drives the storm! and void of hope
We scold and shiver and complain,
And all prepare to sit and mope
Through three long days of dreary rain.

P. McARTHUR.

THE AMATEUR AFIELD

THE YALE CAPTAIN.

CAPTAIN HINKEY, of the Yale foot-ball eleven, is not making himself popular with the men playing under him this year, or with the students generally, and it is not too much to say that if Yale fails to win from Harvard and Princeton in the two big games of the season, the blame of defeat will be thrown on the veteran Yale captain. Hinkey is not the kind of a man to make many warm friends, and his conduct this fall has not increased the number of those who are well inclined toward him. The incident in practice at New Haven, when, it is alleged, Hinkey kicked Beard, is of much less importance than many other things which have not reached the newspapers, but they all show one thing, and that is that Hinkey is not the man to handle an eleven although he may be an excellent end rusher. His playing, too, has fallen off this year.

The New Haven students are a loyal set of fellows, and they generally find no fault with their captains, whether they win or lose, but they are talking a good deal about Hinkey and his treatment of the candidates, and this state of affairs shows that something is the trouble at Yale. Without doubt the eleven will show up in strong form at Springfield and the Princeton game, but to-day the prospect is anything but encouraging, and it is the general sentiment that Hinkey and Hinkey alone is responsible for the confusion which now exists. He has changed the men from place to place in the line and back of it until now some of the candidates are wondering whether they are trying for half-back or end. When, in previous years, has a Yale eleven been in such poor form at this time of the year—only two weeks before the Harvard game?

THE YALE TEAM'S MAKE-UP.

Still, the chances seem to be that the rush-line will be made up of the same seven players who struggled against Princeton and Harvard last fall, and this fact will give Yale a tremendous advantage; it may win the games, especially the one at Springfield. The Harvard rush-line will contain two or three green men, and in all probability the rushers from New Haven will force back the Cambridge line until Thorne or Butterworth will be able to try for a goal from the field. These excellent backs do not need more than two opportunities before they succeed in sending the ball between the goal-posts, and unless all signs fail, this goal-kicking ability will have much to do with the defeat which now seems almost inevitable for Harvard.

THE TEAMS AT SECRET PRACTICE.

Both the Yale and Harvard teams have gone into secret practice. The intention at Cambridge was to get on without shutting the gates this year, but a number of circumstances led to the change in sentiment. The principal one was the printing of a diagram which gave a correct explanation and plan of the interference Mr. Deland has been developing this fall. It was easy enough for any regular visitor at Soldiers' Field to study the formation of the interference and get a tolerably good idea of it, but the coaches thought the newspapers were going too far when they printed authentic diagrams of the plays. Now no spectators see Captain Emmons's team in practice, and it is difficult for the public to get the slightest idea of what the eleven is doing.

THE HARVARD TEAM.

There seems no doubt that the crimson will be represented by these players: Emmons, left end; Hallowell, left tackle; Mackie, left guard; F. Shaw, centre; J. N. Shaw, right guard; Waters, right tackle; A. Brewer, right end; Wrenn, quarter-back; Brewer and Wrightington, half-backs; Fairchild, full-back. The only position in doubt is the least one mentioned, and that will be settled as soon as Fairchild recovers from his injuries and once more takes his place on the field. He has the best chance of making the team because of his excellent drop-kicking. In practice he has done remarkably well, and in the only important game he has played he kicked two goals from the field. He is almost too light for a line-breaker, but he tackles well and interferes splendidly. Heretofore he has been a candidate for quarter-back. The right guard is absolutely new at the game, and the centre is little better. Hallowell never played tackle until this year. Emmons, Mackie, and Waters are the only players in the line who have ever met Yale. This shows that the chances of Harvard success are not many.

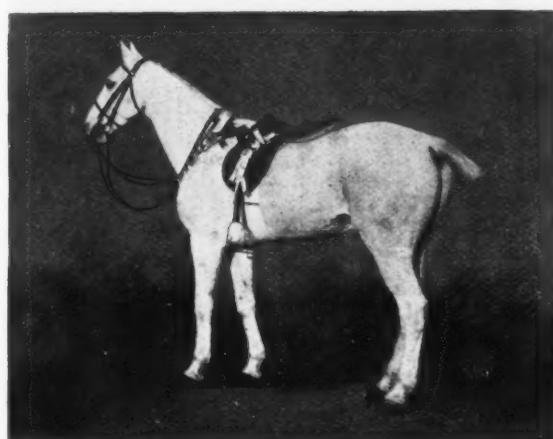
DARTMOUTH AND WILLIAMS.

Dartmouth seems to be a sure winner in the New England intercollegiate league. Dartmouth and Williams, the strongest elevens of the league, have met, and the former won in a game which was excellently played on both sides, but especially by the winners. The contest was another evidence that, no matter how good half-backs are, they cannot make ground unless they have a strong rush-line in front of them. In the line Dartmouth seems to be impregnable, and the two tackles, Little and Abbott, are especially prominent for good playing. The two Drapers are splendid ground gainers when any assistance is given them, and in the earlier part of the season, when the opposing rush-lines had not settled down, they were able to go through in good style. At Hanover, however, they found things very different. Their forwards could not make holes for the half-backs, and frequently the latter were tackled before they reached their own line. Hence the result of the game. Amherst is decidedly weaker than Williams, and Dartmouth will win without trouble.

John D. Merrill.



O. H. P. BELMONT'S TANDEM TEAM.



HUNTER GRAYBUCK.



HIGH-JUMPER—S. S. HOWLAND.



RING-MASTER.



THOROUGHBRED STALLION IMP. KING GALLOP, IROQUOIS STUD.



MRS. JOHN GERKIN'S LADUS.



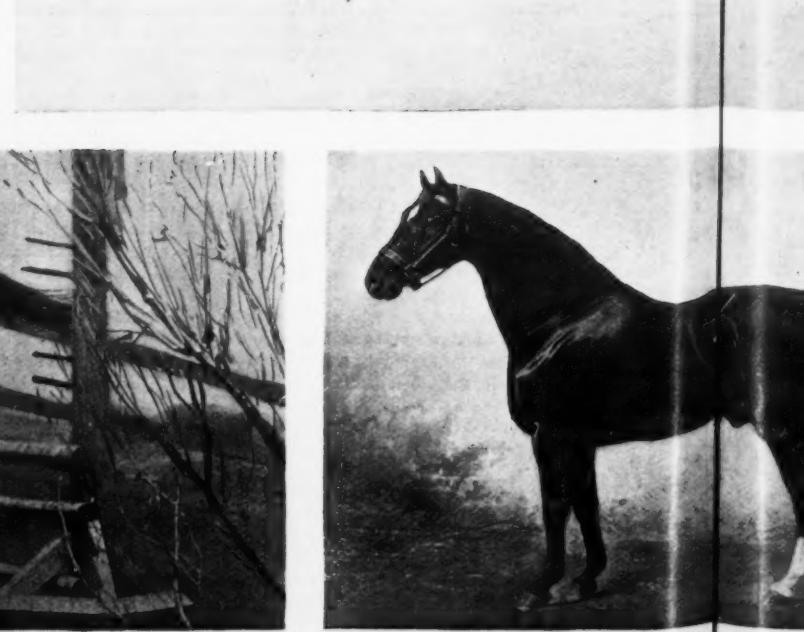
BUGLER.



PROGRAMME-BOY.



THE FAVORITE HUNTER OF MR. THOMAS HITCHCOCK, JR.



CADET, HACKNEY.



ER—S. S. HOWLAND'S ONTARIO.



SUPERBA, A HIGH STEPPER.



CHAMPION SHETLAND STALLION MONTREAL.

SHETLAND STALLION MONTE CARLO,
SIRED BY MONTREAL.

JUDGING THE FOUR-IN-HANDS.



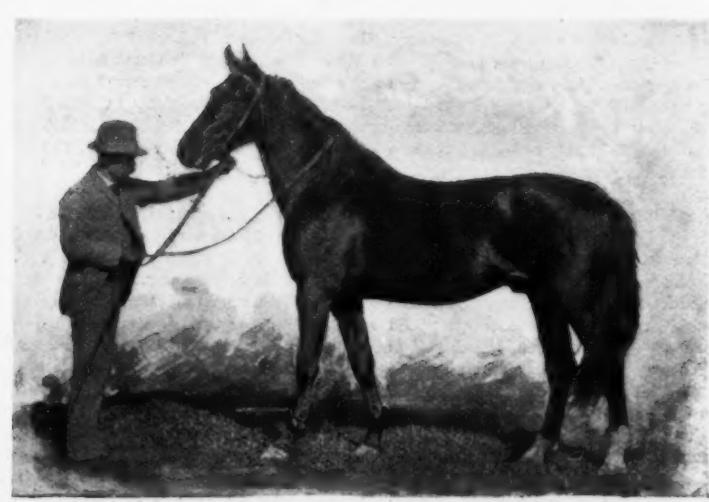
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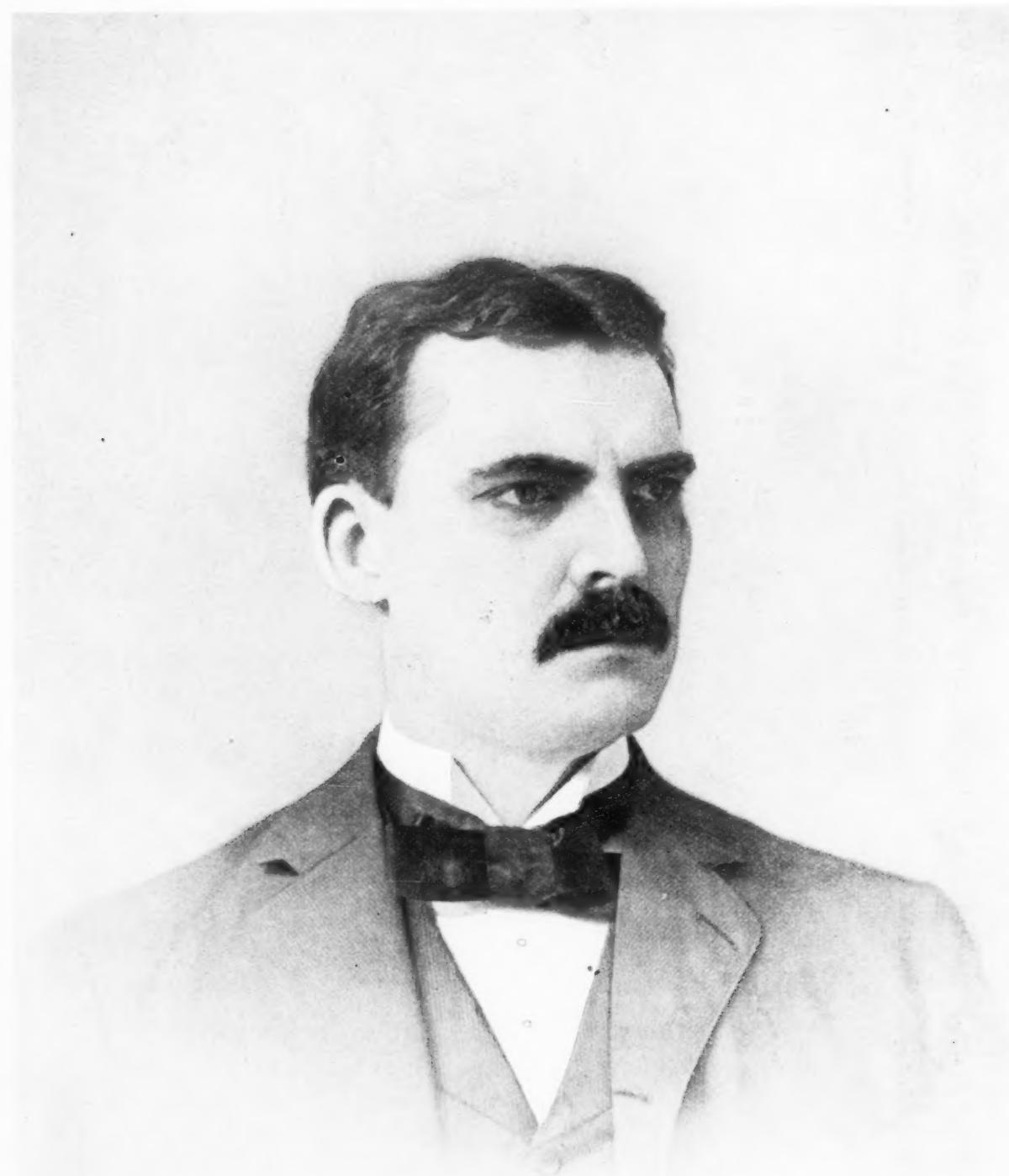
PROGRAMME-BOY.



MACBETH, THOROUGHBRED STALLION.



W. B. DICKERMAN'S BELLINI, TROTTING STALLION.



CHARLES L. BUCKINGHAM, THE FAMOUS PATENT AND ELECTRICAL EXPERT.

THE PROGRESS OF ELECTRICAL SCIENCE.

THE marvelous advance of electrical science in the last twenty years has been marked no less by brilliancy of achievement than by the skill of a few men whose talents have been brought into play by its wonderful development. In no other field of knowledge has there been such remarkable growth and expansion.

The vast aggregation of capital employed and the attending competitive interests have developed a species of talent unknown a generation ago. Heretofore the deposition of an *expert*—a colorless presentation of facts, opinions and deductions, not infrequently unintelligible to court and counsel alike, was relied upon to round judicial opinion. To-day it is required of counsel in the great patent cases to possess himself of the scientific and technical, as well as the legal knowledge necessary to cross-examine the experts arrayed against him, and at times, out of their own mouths, to effectually dispose of any sophistries or fallacies into which they may have been led. Hence the patent lawyer, of whom one of the most

brilliant this country has yet produced is Charles L. Buckingham. Born in Ohio in 1852, he was graduated in the class of 1875, as a civil engineer, from the University of Michigan. Although deeply interested in scientific pursuits, the study of new applications of the forces of nature to industrial development led to a contemplation of the legal principles involved, and after the required period of study he received the degree of bachelor of laws from the Columbian University of Washington, D. C. His career in New York commenced in 1880, upon his appointment as advisory expert and assistant counsel for the Western Union Telegraph Company—a position which afforded Mr. Buckingham full scope for the splendid ability he has since displayed. The peculiarly difficult class of cases he has since so successfully conducted includes the enormously valuable patents of the Western Union Telegraph Company relating to quadruplex apparatus and electric printers for stock-reporting. His display of minute and exhaustive technical knowledge

here, as well as in the litigation incident to contentions over patents covering the telephone and electric light, enabled him to cope successfully with the ablest lawyers in the country. An idea of the importance of his work in recent cases is indicated by the fact that he is now engaged in one suit that is assumed to involve every electric railroad in the country; another, every alternating-electric lighting system, representing not less than three million lamps; and others upon the Tesla patents for the multiphase alternating motors by which power is electrically transmitted over great distances, as from Niagara Falls to Buffalo.

Mr. Buckingham is an active member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, American Academy of Political and Social Science, and the American Institute of Electrical Engineers. His occasional contributions to current scientific literature show that he might easily, if he chose, achieve distinction in that field. His papers on "Electricity in Daily Life," contributed to *Scribner's Magazine* in

1889-90, and afterward republished in book form, attracted wide attention. No more just estimate of Mr. Buckingham's character and attainments could be given than that of President Henry Morton, of the Stevens Institute of Technology, who, in speaking of the brief time in which, by sheer worth, and unaided by influence or favor of any kind, he had succeeded in reaching so high a position in his chosen profession, said:

"His success is largely due to the prodigious amount of work he is capable of performing. He is conscientious in thoroughly mastering the details of his cases, which often involve an amount of study and labor quite beyond the reach of the general practitioner. His scholarly research in matters pertaining to his specialty is profound and comprehensive, and is the admiration of all familiar with the subject. It is particularly apparent in his numerous writings on telegraphy, all of which indicate entire familiarity with the subject of electricity in all its relations."

J. R.

The Great Horse Show.

THE show now in progress is the tenth annual horse show held in Madison Square Garden. The first of these shows was a success from many points of view. Each year the success has been more pronounced, and now it is a foregone conclusion that nothing less than the destruction of the great Madison Square Garden amphitheatre would put the show in peril. The increasing popularity of the show is due primarily to the interest that fashionable people take in horses and their willingness, for the sake of the horse, to put themselves informally on exhibition for the gratification of the curious multitude which reads about their doings in the newspapers, and therefore has a natural interest in actually seeing what manner of men and women these really are who occupy so much of the public notice. Of course the horse is attractive and popular, too, with the masses, but there can be no denying that at the horse show the horses are but of secondary importance. The people go to see and be seen of one another. Indeed, the show has become so much of a function that the ladies of high fashion have each of them several gowns made to wear during the week, and the industrious reporters of the society papers have an opportunity to take a look at these dresses several weeks before they are worn. By being thus prudent and careful a lady who appears in a blue velvet does not run the risk of being represented in cold type as having been clad in a green barege. The preparation, therefore, for this great social function, which is nominally in honor of the horse, is entirely serious. Indeed, the auction sale of boxes partakes somewhat of a function, and the newspapers the day after the sale chronicle the doings of those who were present with a gravity and particularity which indicates that to some section of the public all the preparations are of importance. After the sale this year, which realized nearly forty thousand dollars for boxes alone, the chroniclers of the day made particular note of the fact that Mr. George Gould had paid the highest price for first choice of boxes. This privilege cost Mr. Gould five hundred dollars. Comparing this price with those of former years, it is not high, as on several occasions sums in the neighborhood of a thousand dollars have been paid. But though the first choics did not realize as much as formerly, the aggregate was more and this was gratifying to the management.

In the afternoons the ladies who go to the horse show wear the smartest street gowns that they can have produced, and the men don frock coats, light trousers, and high hats. In the evening very many of the ladies are in evening dress, as though they had arrayed themselves for the opera or for a ball.

The natural inference would be, from all that has been said, that the horse show as such does not amount to much. But such an inference would be most unfair. The managers of the society are enabled to devote all of their time and thought to this side of the affair. High society has taken the other part into its own hands, and the financial side of the enterprise is therefore never in doubt. The show managers are abundantly able to have a long and rich premium-list, and to secure the most accomplished judges in the country for each class. Indeed, for the newly-fashionable hackneys a judge has usually been brought from England. Several years ago Mr. Burdett-Coutts came as judge of hackneys; last year Mr. Frank Usher came, and this season Mr. Harry Livesey, who is extremely well known as a hackney breeder in England, is here to award the prizes in this class. In most of the other classes the association has for each three judges, so that one man's unconscious prejudices may not do wrong without knowing it. For the thoroughbreds Captain Coster, Colonel Hall, and Dr. Andrew Smith, of Toronto, will be the judges; for trotters, General Field, Colonel Thayer, and Mr. Burr will pass judgment; for hunters, Mr. Cowdin, Mr. Matner, and Major Cooley will act.

The hackney is easily the most fashionable horse in this country to-day, and his vogue is likely to have a lasting influence in the common run of American horses. He is being bred purely as a hackney, and is being crossed with thoroughbreds, with trotters, and with common stock. Mr. Burdett-Coutts, who is the most successful breeder of hackneys in England, has said that the cross between thoroughbreds and hackneys is hurtful to both classes, and this can be readily believed, as the contrast between them is too marked. But with trotters the cross should be most interesting, as the hackney is likely to give substance and showiness of action to the produce, and the trotter to give speed. There has been another suggestion that the hackney would be a most admirable cross with the wild and range horses and ponies of the West. Theoretically this seems full of promise. Whether or not it has been tried in any comprehensive way, this writer does not know. In the show there are

about one thousand animals. About two hundred and fifty of these are hackneys.

While the hackneys are the greatest in number, the jumping horses—the hunters—are the most drawing horse attraction. Each evening there is a contest for high jumpers, and when this is going on everything else, even the society part of the performance, is neglected, and the horses are the centre of attraction and notice. The easy-going plodders who have never been in the hunting-field, and never on horseback save for a slow amble upon the high road, are apt to be incredulous as to the stories they read and hear of cross-country riding. "Don't tell me," a country merchant once said, "that men can ride horses straight over these fences and ditches." He would not believe that the thing could be done because he had never seen such feats, and he had lived more or less with horses all his life. Now if these people of inexperience happen in at the horse show they can learn how the trick is done—how easily, how gracefully. And these are not circus horses, but merely hunters—hunters that are used by ladies and gentlemen all the season. What is more, thirty-eight of these hunters are entered in the Corinthian class, and will be ridden by members of recognized hunt clubs.

The trotter is the most distinctively American horse, and in every horse show he naturally is treated with great consideration. There are more fast and splendid trotters driven on the roads about New York than in any other part of the country. A generation ago only two horses in the country had ever trotted a mile in less than two minutes and twenty seconds. Now the record is close to two minutes, and there are scores of horses driven on the roads about New York every day that can go faster than Flora Temple, the old-time trotting queen, ever could. The evolution of the trotter is one of the most interesting instances of scientific breeding that the world has ever seen, and the Darwins and Tyndalls of the future will find much to study in it. But notwithstanding that trotters are distinctively American they are not highly fashionable. They do not suit the dog-cart and the other heavy wagons that we have imported from England. And your man of high fashion in New York does not think a two-twenty nag in a spider-spoke wagon becoming to a man of his station in life. The trotter, therefore, is left for the men who drive for the pleasure and the exhilaration of it, and without any regard to what the proper thing happens to be in Hyde Park. But as these sensible folk outnumber the others as five to one, the trotter as a road horse does not lack for friends.

PHILIP POINDEXTER.

John Drew in "The Bauble Shop."

(Continued from page 318.)

was robbery; he beat them off, but took refuge in a neighboring warehouse, which turns out to be the "bauble shop" of the play. There he meets Jessie Keber (Miss Maud Adams), the daughter of a drunken, half-crazed inventor of mechanical toys. He falls in love with this girl, not at first with a good motive, but the girl is so gentle, so guileless, so absolutely devoid of all worldliness, that Clivebrooke winds up by falling in love with her in earnest.

This toy shop in which the girl's father works belongs to one Stoach, an M. P. and leader of the opposition—the party which believes people can be made good by act of Parliament. He discovers Clive's attentions to Jessie Keber, and leaps at once to the conclusion that Clivebrooke's intentions toward the girl are on a par with his general reputation. He has Clivebrooke watched, and one night breaks in upon the pair (Act II.) in the "bauble shop." A fine scene ensues between Mr. Drew, Mr. Harwood, and Miss Adams, the latter particularly distinguishing herself by the genuine merit and finesse of her performance. At Jessie's exit another scene ensues between Clive and Stoach, which ends by Clive's withdrawal. The author, it would seem to this writer, missed here the opportunity for his hero to be more of the hero by denouncing the sham and hypocrisy of his enemy, Stoach; instead of which Clivebrooke, seeing the ruin to reputation which threatens the girl whom he at last knows he loves, pleads for mercy for her sake, but Stoach remains obdurate, intending to make a political use of his advantage. Of course Clivebrooke's pleading is all very noble and manly, and what might he expect of any gentleman, but as this man Stoach is a beast, why not tell him so?

Act III. opens in Clivebrooke's private room in the House of Commons. It shows the political downfall of Clivebrooke. Here is where the play failed in England. Stoach uses his private-detective work as a party shibboleth, and Clivebrooke is defeated. People in England understood that if a man like Stoach were actually to employ such degraded means to encompass the defeat of a political rival he would be howled down by his own party and, figura-

tively speaking, kicked out of the House of Commons. But "The Bauble Shop" succeeds here because the people care nothing about the political question or its probability, or even plausibility, if you will, but see and feel the humanity of the play and the people who are part and parcel of its story. In Act III. everybody is made happy by Clivebrooke marrying the girl of his heart, Jessie Keber. The last act is very weak, but then most last acts are. I think the elder Coleman said "Last acts should be abolished by act of Parliament."

So much for the play. As to the performance of it, it is chiefly remarkable for its all-round excellence. A better-staged play we have seldom seen. Mr. Drew plays the part throughout consistently and well. He has the shrewdness and taste to pass off the cynicism of the character with a smile; he feels certainly the dignity and position of the character in the play, and in the stronger scenes, while not doing that for which he is best equipped artistically, he is nevertheless forceful and convincing. It is an agreeable change for the public to see Mr. Drew in a character of this strength and importance.

Miss Adams has one of those rare and sympathetic natures which shine out like planets upon the stage. Anything more purely innocent and maidenly than her scene in the "bauble shop" with Clivebrooke I cannot remember. I think it is the backbone of the play's success. She not only plays with strength, but tenderness. It is a rare piece of work. Miss de Wolfe wears some gorgeous gowns, which will be the talk of this town for a long time, but best of all she played the part of *Lady Kate Fennell* admirably. In the hands of an actress looking less the distinguished gentlewoman, the part would have been a fizzle. Miss Miller, Mr. Dodson, Mr. Harwood, Mr. Byron, and the others of the company play their several parts excellently.

HARRY P. MAWSON.

Yale's New Dormitory.

MANY think the advantages to Yale University would have been greater had the donor of the new Vanderbilt Hall erected, instead of this imposing memorial to his son, seven or eight dormitories similar to Welch Hall, which cost \$112,000. The million-dollar outlay, expended otherwise, would have been sufficient to complete the second quadrangle, where White and Berkeley halls already stand; but, as it is, Vanderbilt Hall has exceeded all expectation in beauty and grandeur, being the finest and most expensive dormitory in the world. The effect it produces leads one to concur with the far-seeing policy of the great financier who made the donation, and to better understand the future development and ultimate possibilities which Yale's directors expect her to attain. Looking forward to the time when Yale shall be able to compete with the great universities of England and Germany, it becomes apparent that too firm a foundation cannot be laid.

The building is modeled after the English university architecture, with Gothic windows, small doorways, and *porte cochère*, and surrounds on three sides a grass-plot quadrangle, which is shut in from the principal city street by a massive wrought-iron fence with high granite coping. The distinctive feature of the exterior is its simplicity. The entries are flagged with mosaics of marble, and walled with white enamel brick. Each suite consists of two sleeping-rooms and study, wainscoted half-way to the ceiling with paneled oak, and, unlike other college studies, contain carved-oak windowsills and generous fireplaces surmounted by high mantels.

The sanitary equipment is of the best—screw-joint plumbing being used throughout. The twenty-six bath-rooms are lined with gray marble, and contain porcelain tubs. The building is fitted for both electric light and gas, is well-ventilated, and heated by indirect radiation. A rough estimate shows the cost for the whole structure to be about two dollars per cubic foot, and when we look at the mass of masonry we gain some idea of the actual cost of what may be fairly said to represent the typical Yale of the future.

Such is the building which stands where, one hundred years ago, was erected old South College at an expense of \$5,000—a large amount, so considered at the time—for a building of the kind. Of course some comparative estimate of

the value of \$5,000 then and now must be taken into account, but it is probably no exaggeration to say that for the money which has been expended on Vanderbilt at least six hundred dormitories like old South could have been built.

EDWARD B. LYMAN.

The Future of Russia.

WHAT will be the effect of the death of the Czar of Russia upon the politics of Europe and Asia? That is the question which confronts the cabinets of all the Powers. Whatever difference of opinion there may be as to the wisdom or humanity of his domestic policy, it is universally agreed that the late Czar was habitually a man of peace. Harassed by internal commotions and nihilist conspiracies, bearing about with him day by day a burden of anxiety which rested upon no other ruler, and exposed, moreover, to constant pressure from within in favor of an aggressive diplomacy, he steadily persisted in a pacific policy in all the international relationships of his empire. He was not indifferent to the maintenance of Russia's prestige; he was alert and vigilant in utilizing every opportunity for its promotion; but he abhorred war, and even while strengthening at every point the vast military machine of the empire, contemplated with aversion the possibility of its use. Will this spirit be perpetuated under the new régime? The new Czar, Nicholas II., declares that his sole aim will be the peaceful development of his realm, but that may mean much or little. Will the Franco-German alliance be annulled and new ones formed? Will Nicholas be able to withstand the pressure of the war party of the empire for a more ambitious and aggressive policy in foreign affairs? World-wide consequences depend upon the answer which events may make to those inquiries.

One thing seems already assured, and that is that the death of the Czar will not affect in the least the attitude of the revolutionists of the empire toward the system of administration of which he was the embodiment. Manifestoes of the parties in opposition show conclusively that nothing will appease their hostility short of an absolute surrender to their demand for representation in the government on a republican basis. Undoubtedly the policy heretofore pursued as to the anarchist party will be persisted in, but whether along with the repression of active revolutionists the new administration will recognize and make concessions to the liberal sentiment in the shape of real administrative reforms, is yet to be seen. It is only in that way, as it seems at this distance, that the empire can maintain itself against domestic disorders and perpetuate its controlling influence in international affairs. It was the mistake of Alexander III. that instead of carrying out the beneficent purpose of his father as embodied in the edict of emancipation which conferred upon every serf the right to enjoy the fruits of his toil and to the ownership of land pertaining to the communes, he chose to perpetuate the intolerable conditions which that edict was designed to remove. Nicholas II. will commit a blunder equally lamentable and disastrous if he fails to recognize the spirit of the time in which he lives, and seeks to ally his empire with the traditions of the past rather than with the progressive forces which are working out the higher civilization of the future.

The ceremonies attending the proclamation of the new Czar were of the most impressive character. The new régime seems to be hailed by the masses of the population with genuine satisfaction. Princess Alix, the future Czarina, has been received into the Greek Church, and given the name Alexandra Feodorovna, with the titles of Grand-duchess and Imperial Highness.

Good News for Asthmatics.

WE observe that the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa, is now in reach of sufferers from Asthma. You can make trial of the Kola Compound free, by addressing a postal-card to the Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, who are sending out large trial cases free by mail, to sufferers.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE



MR. JOHN DREW AND MISS ELSIE DE WOLFE.
"You will see him."



MR. JOHN DREW AND MISS MAUD ADAMS.
"Anything means everything."



MISS MAUD ADAMS AND MR. J. E. DODSON.
"Tell me about our new home."

John Drew in "The Bauble Shop."

MR. JOHN DREW has long been looked upon as one of our leading actors in comedy *rôles*. In fact, there is not another actor in this country who can compete with him upon his own ground. Mr. Daly, with that critical sense of his, saw what associations and surroundings would do for the younger actor with a great old name; he provided them, and, as Mr. Drew so gracefully acknowledged upon his *début* as a star, the chance Mr. Daly gave him was the chance of his life. To-day John Drew is the most popular young actor in America, a credit and an ornament to the stage.

As to the play with which Mr. Charles Frohman has fitted Mr. Drew as the *pièce de résistance* of the season, it is a curious fact that,



MR. JOHN DREW.



MISS MAUD ADAMS.



MISS ELSIE DE WOLFE.

JOHN DREW AND HIS COMPANY IN THE PLAY OF "THE BAUBLE SHOP," AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE, NEW YORK CITY.
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY SARONY.

while it failed to score a substantial success in London, it has proved a great one here.

The story of "The Bauble Shop," of which Henry Arthur Jones is the author, briefly outlined, is this: *Lord Clivebrooke* (Mr. Drew) is leader of his party in the House of Commons. As Mr. Jones has drawn the character, he is brave, generous, cynical, and, generally speaking, "a deuce of a fellow." He has a very poor opinion of women, and when his cousin, *Lady Efennell* (Miss Elsie de Wolfe), asks him why he does not marry her, he replies that he does not see the woman. "What kind of a woman do you want for a wife?" "I know the kind I do not want, and that is the kind my friends have married." But one evening, on his way home from the House, he was jostled about in an un-frequented street by some ruffians, whose intent

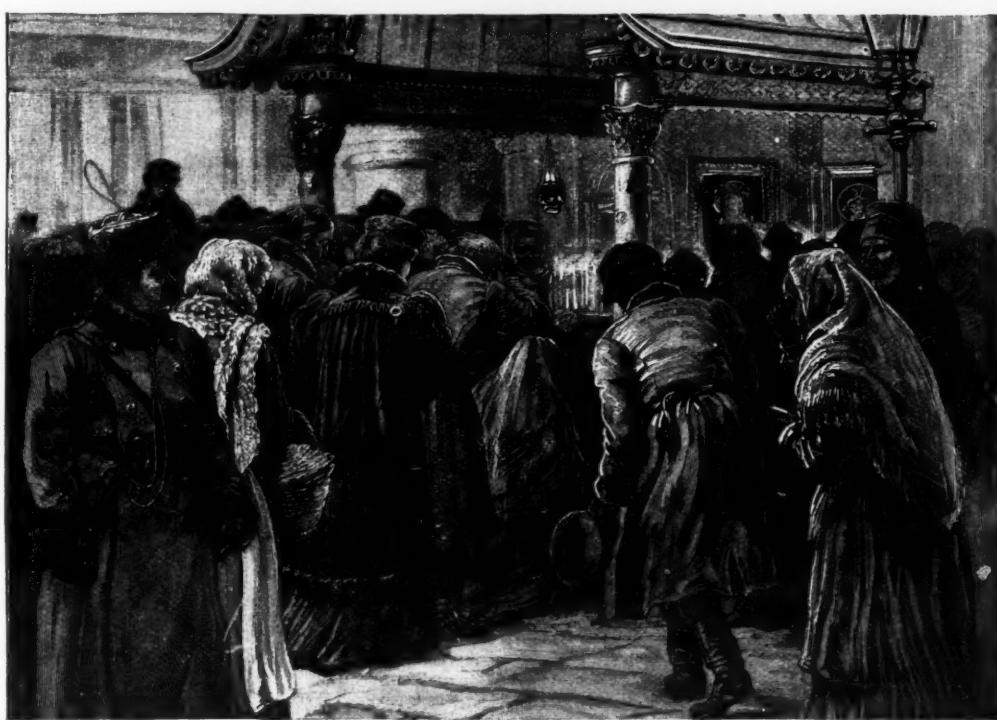
(Continued on page 320.)



NICHOLAS II., THE NEW CZAR.



PRINCESS ALIX, THE FUTURE CZARINA.

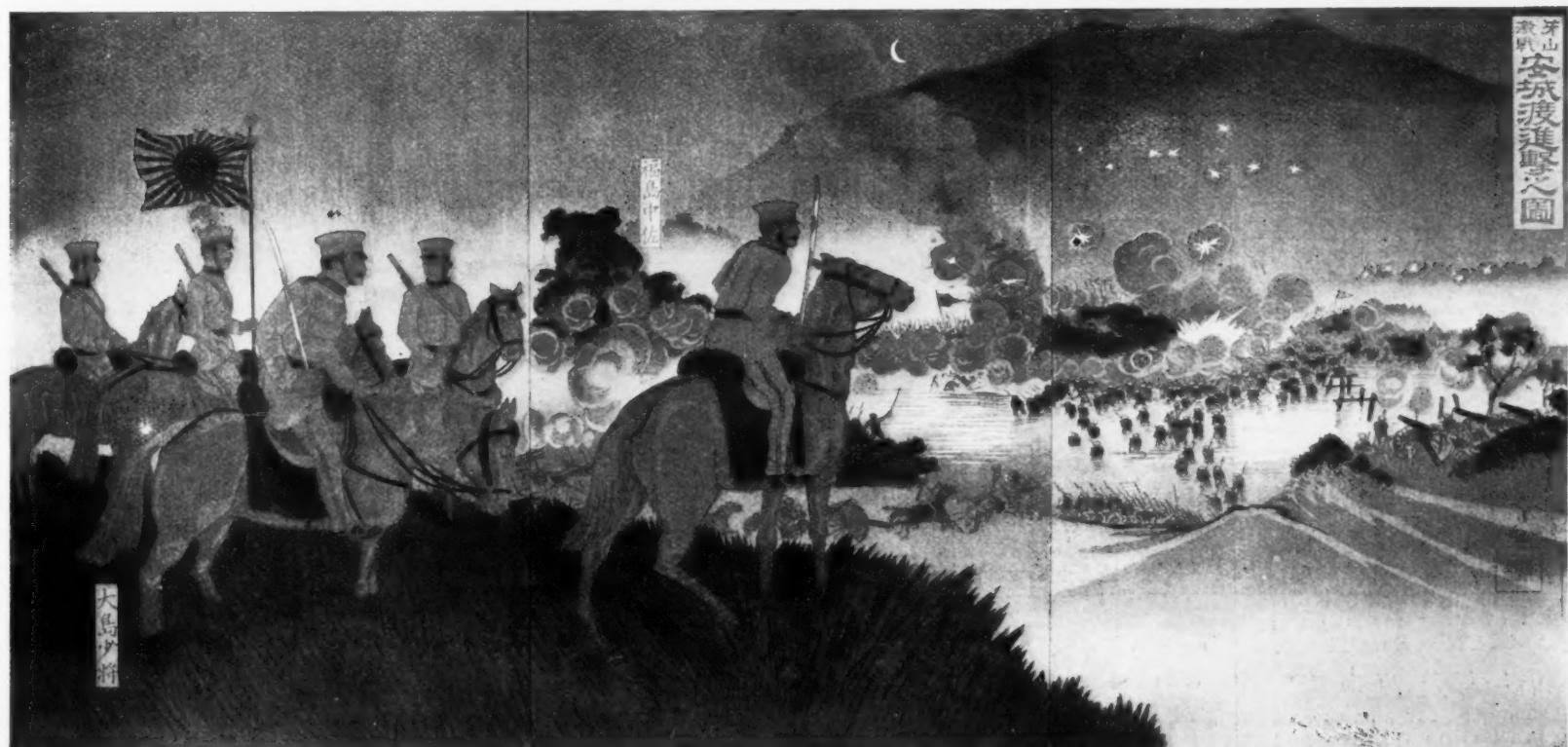


PRAYING FOR ALEXANDER III. AT THE GOSTINI-DVOR CHAPEL, NEVSKY PROSPECT, ST. PETERSBURG.
Illustrated London News.



THE DOWAGER EMPRESS.

THE ACCESSION OF GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS TO THE RUSSIAN THRONE.—[SEE PAGE 317.]



THE WAR IN THE EAST—THE COMMANDER OF THE JAPANESE ARMY IN COREA WATCHING HIS VANGUARD CROSSING THE RIVER ANJO
UNDER FIRE FROM THE CHINESE—FROM A FAC-SIMILE OF A JAPANESE PRINT.

NEW AND COMFORTABLE CUFF FOR MEN.

THERE has been a demand for a long time for a cuff that would set perfectly and be comfortable to the wearer.

In the new link-button cuff "Odena" Messrs. Earl & Wilson, the well-known manufacturers of linen wear for men, believe that they have succeeded in furnishing a cuff that entirely fills this demand. It has been said, until recently, that such a cuff was impossible. The special feature about the new cuff, "Odena," is the flexible band, which gives the flattened effect without the gaping and consequent exposure of the shirt-band and catching the coat sleeve.

The improvement in the "Odena" has been obtained by having the top of the cuff run with the band, instead of being cut out. Another feature of the cuff is that the buttonhole is placed nearer the middle. This assists in giving the cuff a set that will be appreciated by all who take pride in being dressed neatly.

The "Odena" is the result of a great deal of careful study, and Messrs. Earl & Wilson have so much confidence in its coming popularity that they have applied for a patent. The "Odena" is handsome and comfortable.

THE SUNSET LIMITED TO CALIFORNIA.

EIGHTEEN HOURS QUICKER TIME.

COMMENCING Thursday, November 1st, the Southern Pacific Railroad will put on a fast limited train composed of dining and sleeping-cars, to run from New Orleans, Louisiana, in connection with the Southern Railway "Piedmont Air Line" Southern Limited, now operated between New York and New Orleans within thirty-nine hours.

This elegant train will leave New Orleans every Thursday morning at eight o'clock, after arrival of the Southern.

This new schedule gives the California travel many hours the quickest schedule, with complete dining and sleeping-car service between New York, Los Angeles, and San Francisco.

For full particulars call on or address: R. D. Carpenter, General Agent; Alex. S. Thewatt, Eastern Passenger Agent, 271 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

THE COFFEE HABIT

is difficult to throw off, especially if one's epicurean taste leads to the use of the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk in this popular beverage. Its superiority to cream is admitted. Rich flavor and uniform consistency.

A BRIGHT EYE

is a sign of good health, and if the stomach is not in the best of conditions the eyes will show it. Ripans Tabules will make the stomach right and keep the eyes bright and clear.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world; twenty-five cents a bottle.

REDUCED RATES.

THE first-class New York and Boston fare via the Fall River Line has just been reduced from \$4 to \$3. A corresponding reduction has been made to all other Eastern points.

If no appetite, try half wine-glass Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters before meals.

THE autumn effects on the picturesque Lehigh Valley Railroad are not surpassed, and rarely equaled, by those of any other railroad on this continent. The varied and constantly changing foliage, widely and richly distributed, affords a pleasure that cannot be described in words.

Every accommodation is afforded the traveler to take in the grandeur of this wonderfully picturesque route. Fine coaches, large windows, descriptive literature, and everything to secure comfort, are to be found on this line.

Anthracite coal used exclusively, insuring cleanliness and comfort. No smoke, no dust, no cinders.

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If any young, old or middle-aged man, suffering from nervous debility, lack of vigor, or weakness from errors or excesses, will inclose stamp to me, I will send him the prescription of a genuine, certain cure, free of cost, no humbug, no deception. It is cheap, simple and perfectly safe and harmless. I will send you the correct prescription, and you can buy the remedy of me or prepare it yourself, just as you choose. The prescription I send free, just as I agree to do. Address E. H. HUNTERFORD, Box A, 231, Albion, Michigan.

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Coughing.

For all the ailments of Throat and Lungs there is no cure so quick and permanent as Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil. It is palatable, easy on the most delicate stomach and effective.

Scott's Emulsion

stimulates the appetite, aids the digestion of other foods, cures Coughs and Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, and gives vital strength besides. It has no equal as nourishment for Babies and Children who do not thrive, and overcomes

Any Condition of Wasting.

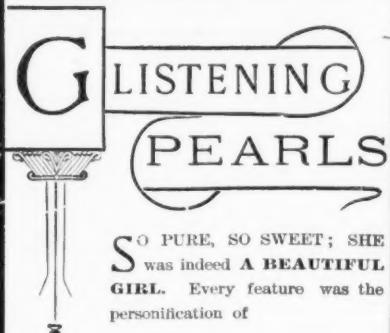
Send for Pamphlet on Scott's Emulsion. Free. Scott & Bowe, N. Y. All Druggists. 50c. and \$1.

In Curing Torturing Disfiguring Skin Diseases Citicura

Works Wonders

Sold throughout the world. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. POTTER DRUG & CHEM. CORP., Sole Proprietors, Boston.

50c. "How to Cure Every Skin Disease," free.



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PERFECT HEALTH.

BREATH AS FRAGRANT AS ROSES; LIPS RUBY RED AND TEETH LIKE GLISTENING PEARLS. Ask her for THE SECRET OF HER CHARM, and she will tell you they are due to THE DAILY USE of

CONSTANTINE'S PERSIAN HEALING PINE TAR SOAP.

For the Toilet and the Bath, and as a purifier of the Skin, this WONDERFUL BEAUTIFIER has no parallel. Every young lady who realizes THE CHARM OF LOVELINESS, has but to patronize this POTENT AGENT to become a

Queen Among Queens.

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reduced, 15 lbs. a month. Any one can make remedy. Safe and sure. Particulars 2c. "K. A." Box 404, St. Louis, Mo.

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TAMAR A laxative, refreshing fruit lozenge, very agreeable to take, for

Constipation, hemorrhoids, bile,

loss of appetite, gastric and intestinal troubles and headache arising from them.

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Rest after Labor.

THERE is probably no shopping centre in New York which is so widely known as the corner of Sixth Avenue and Fourteenth Street. Visitors from all parts of the Union find their way to the great establishment which there offers its multitudinous and unrivaled attractions. Great throngs of buyers crowd its ample spaces at all hours of the day, and in the holiday season, when persons of all sorts and conditions swell the army of purchasers, the place presents a picture of our polyglot metropolitan life which cannot be found anywhere else. But the liveliest and most picturesque scenes are those afforded at the closing hour, when the "shop-ladies," released from their duties, sally forth to enjoy their freedom. Such a scene is depicted in our front-page illustration. What an eager, happy throng, and how bright the faces which challenge the attention of the passers-by! Whether the elation of the moment be inspired by a sense of the conscientious performance of duty or only by expectation of an evening of enjoyment, the fact of its existence is palpable to every beholder. There are thousands of shop-girls in this great city who find life a hard and wearing grind, but our picture tells the story of a happier and more enviable condition which we can but wish might become the lot of all members of this useful class.

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FOR MEDICINAL USE.

No Fusel Oil.

SAT IN A DRAUGHT.

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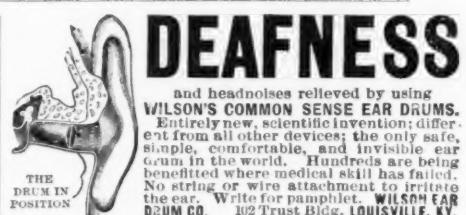
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and headlessness relieved by using WILSON'S COMMON SENSE EAR DRUM. Entirely new, scientific invention; different from all other devices; the only safe, simple, comfortable, and invisible ear drum in the world. Hundreds are being benefitted where medical skill has failed. No string or wire attachment to irritate the ear. Write for pamphlet. WILSON'S EAR DRUM CO., 102 Trust Bldg., LOUISVILLE, KY.

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Chicago is only 24 hours away; Cincinnati 22; St. Louis 30.

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THE GREATEST EXHIBITION OF HORSES EVER GIVEN.

Show Opens Daily at 9 o'clock.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

The Columbus Problem.

CONTINUING the lecture upon "Facts about Figures," which many eminent mathematicians admit contained features which were new to them, we will advance another step toward the solution of the Columbus Problem. The fact that upward of ten thousand solvers used decimal fractions shows that the terms of the problem were well understood. Thousands of competitors gave as the closest possible arrangement of the figures—

75.

6,9840

which equals 81,9840 and is within sixteen ten-thousandths of the required 82.

It is not known, however, by many well versed in the mysteries of figures, that the plus sign may convert a tenth into a ninth. Sometimes the + sign is used, but if the decimal fraction recurs or belongs to a series of repeaters the proper way is to place the recurring dot over the figures, viz.: $\frac{3}{10}$ or .245, etc. As all of our competitors employed decimals it is safe to assume that they are familiar with the rule for converting common fractions into decimals, viz.: Add a cipher to the numerator and divide by the denominator, $\frac{1}{2} = .5$, $\frac{1}{3} = .25$, but

$\frac{1}{9} = .1\overline{1}$ or, more properly expressed, .11, which shows that the 3 repeats *ad fin.*

Now take the following fractions which, added together, make 82, and express them decimal:

80. we place as a whole	80.
9 ⁷ ₁₀ expressed decimal is	.96
4 ² ₁₀ expressed decimal is	.47
5 ⁰ ₁₀ expressed decimal is	.5
82.	

The decimals will also add up 82.

It will be seen that the right-hand sum contains the required numbers, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 0, as well as the six dots given in the picture of the Columbus Egg. The solution has passed the ordeal of Oxford and Columbia, and was found to be mathematically correct. To any, if such there be, who cannot grasp the principle of recurring decimals, it is sufficient to say that the plus sign adds just one-ninth in value to a decimal fraction; therefore those who produced answers a little short of 82 will see that a plus would bring it closer, even if they cannot see that it makes the exact sum required.

One thousand dollars was offered at first, both here and in England, for a correct answer to the problem, and although the same was won and paid in London, Mr. Loyd has the satisfaction of knowing that the problem was not solved until a month after the specified time, and after he had given up his secret of the problem. How many, if any, have solved it without an inkling of the solution, it is impossible to say. Special prizes of \$50 each were awarded to the popular actor, W. H. Smith, and Professor E. D. Brown for the first answers received. Correct answers have been received from Messrs. T. Cox, Professor S. R. Lessing, James Robb, C. M. Prior, C. E. Salter, F. W. Heath, N. T. Minati, L. B. Olney, F. Bauman, N. Tucker, Professor T. Newall, G. W. Orr, E. T. Marks, Miss Barker, Mrs. G. W. Towner, R. Morris, Miss Georgie Morrison, W. Truen, and two others whose letters have become mislaid. The successful solvers have been written to.

Mr. Loyd is preparing another problem based on the relation of numbers, which he claims has been entirely overlooked by writers on arithmetic. Despite its actual simplicity, based on simple addition, without any fractions, a thousand dollars will be offered for a solution to the mystery.



and send it to us with your name and address, and we will send this beautiful watch to you by express. You examine it at the express office and if you think it a bargain, and the finest watch you ever saw for the money pay the express agent one special sample price, \$2.50, and it is yours. This offer is for 60 days only. Write to-day. THE NATIONAL MFG. & IMPORTING CO., 334 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.



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"S.H. & M." **FIRST QUALITY** Bias
Velveteen Skirt Binding,
which lasts as long as the skirt.

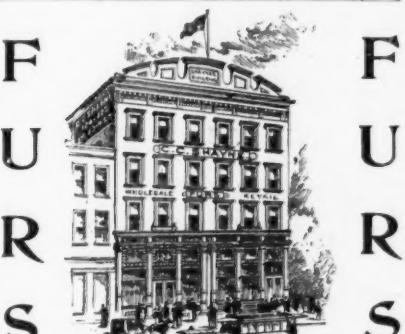
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S. Rae

"It may be true what some men say,
It maun be true what a men say."

PUBLIC OPINION
endorses Sapolio.—
It is a solid cake of scouring soap...

For many years SAPOLIO has stood as the finest and best article of this kind in the world. It knows no equal, and, although it costs a trifle more its durability makes it outlast two cakes of cheap makes. It is therefore the cheapest in the end. Any grocer will supply it at a reasonable price.



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Christy Knives are sold everywhere. Beware of worthless imitations. A Steinway piano is offered to agents selling most goods by December 31st. Write for particulars. Address all orders to THE CHRISTY KNIFE CO., Box 25, Fremont, Ohio.



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IN THE RUSH LINE.

HINKLEY.—"There goes one of my half backs down Broadway. I wonder where he's going?"

COOK.—"Oh, I just showed him this Knox hat I bought and he's rushing to Knox's store to get one like it."

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Knowledge is Economy!

Armour's
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will save you many an anxious thought, provide the basis for many a pleasant meal and effect a veritable economy in your household expenses. Our little book of "Culinary Wrinkles" mailed, free, for the asking. Your own ingenuity will suggest a hundred other receipts. Address

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HIGHEST AWARDS
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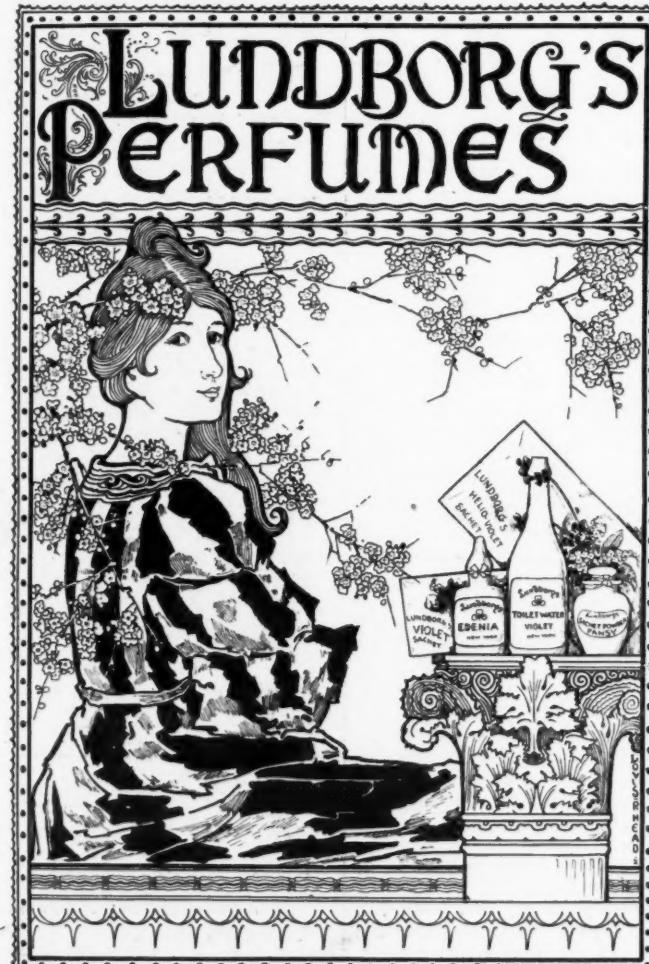
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